Musarum Cantabrigiensium

THRENODIA

IN

OBITUM

Incomparabilis Herois ac Ducis
Illustrissimi

GEORGII

DUCIS ALBÆMARLÆ,

Regiarum Copiarum
ARCHISTRATEGI,

Regis, & Regnorum Magnæ Britanniæ
Felicissimi Restauratoris.

CANTABRIGIÆ,
Ex Officina *Joann. Hayes*, celeberrimæ Academiæ
Typographi. 1670.

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Ad Sereniſsimum Regem
CAROLUM II.

DA veniam, Cæſar, partem decerpere luctûs
Si *Grantana* audet conſcia Muſa tui:
Parce, precor, noſtro indulge &, Rex Magne, dolori;
Fas lacrymas lacrymis ſit ſociare Tuis.
Nempe Pater Patriæ voluit quem dicere Patrem,
Quidni hunc amiſſum Patria ploret Avum?
Præcipuè at mœrens Academia, ſciſſa capillos,
Patroni exequias poſtulat ire ſui.
Et meritò pompâ funebri, & in agmine primo
Lugentûm, *Mater* vendicat *Alma* locum:
Quæ nempe invicti Virtûte & munere GEORGI
Et cum Rege redux, & rediviva fuit.

Jacobus Duport,
Acad. Procan.

In Obitum Illuſtriſsimi Ducis GEORGII *Ducis* ALBÆMARLÆ
EPICEDIUM.

AT quæ Melpomene tantam deflere ruinam
Sufficit? aut dignis plectra ciere modis?
Impar tam grandi eſt Elegëia noſtra Sepulcro;
Et ſtupet, & neſcit publica damna loqui.

Regi-

Regibus hic labor est, & solo Principe dignus,
Exequias tanti concelebrare Ducis.
Vestra, ô Sceptrigeri, toto quot vivitis orbe,
Res agitur, (tangunt talia Fata Deos)
Nos, animæ viles, temeramus carmine manes;
Funera plebeius non capit ista dolor.
Polluere hanc lacrymis scelus est vulgaribus Urnam;
Compescat luctus turba profana suos.
Vos, Vos Regali lacrymas huc fundite venâ,
Vester enim Vindex occidit, atque Pugil.
Hic Reges docuit fine cæde domare rebelles,
Securos solii jussit & esse sui.
Cedite Romani Ductores, *cedite Graii:*
Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur iter.
Quid mihi *Alexandros* tu *Gracia*, *Persia Cyros*,
Quidve Duces memoras, Martia *Roma*, tuos?
Cæsaris innumeros hæc una tropæa triumphos
Exsuperant, *solus* quæ statuit *Monachus*;
Cùm *Trinobantiacum* cupiens invisere *Paulum*,
A *Scoto Andrea* nobile cepit iter;
Et longum emensus brumali sidere campum,
Omne *bonum* nobis *ex Aquilone* tulit:
Cùm Democratici liventia colla *Draconis*
GEORGIUS Arctoo rupit ab orbe redux.
Debuit at *Monachus* sic restaurare *Monarcham*,
Et [a] *Planta genitus* sic reparare *Rosas*.
Ergò agite, ô Reges, Epicedia scribite Sceptris:
Quid stylus hîc? humilis quidve Camœna potest?

[a] *Fama est Illustrissimum Ducem Regii Plantagenetarum stirpe oriundum.*

Aliud.

QUin salve, æternúmque vale, *ter Maxime* GEORGI:
Jam satis est; quid agis, Pieri? siste gradum.

Quicquam

Quicquam te his titulis ſuperaddere poſſe canendo,
Aut æquare modis Nomina tanta putas?
Quid fruſtra ſacros obtundis carmine Manes?
Sollicitáſque rudi murmure buſta Ducis?
Incaſſùm triſtes elegos, epicedia, leſſus,
Spargimus in cineres, Magne *Gradive*, Tuos.
Te memorans, non metra, tonitrua fundere debet,
Nec niſi Pyrrhichio currere Muſa pede.
Quid ſiticen lugubre melos? quid tibia cantus?
Funereóſve parat præfica Muſa modos?
Stridentes quid enim calami? quid carmina poſſunt?
Cum fidibus tremulæ aut plectra minuta lyræ?
Buccina rauca, tubæ clangentes, tympana, ſiſtra,
Hæc ſunt exequiis muſica digna Tuis.
Arma horrenda ſonent, diſploſáque fulmina belli,
Quaſſentur frameæ, teláque miſſa ruant.
Tum feriant oculos paſſim volitantia ſigna,
Et labara: hîc *Mars* eſt *Anglus*; *Apollo* tace.
Tu tamen, *Angligenis* fauſtum & venerabile Nomen,
Sancte, precor, GEORGI, Dux Macarita, fave:
Obturbet tantos ſi nænia noſtra triumphos,
Et ſtrepat hæc veſtras inter avena tubas.
Nos chorus Aonidum magnis virtutibus impar,
Et tamen in lacrymas turba profuſa ſumus.
Mittimus inferias tumulo, & libamus honores,
Fundimus & ſacro carmen inane rogo.
Sed quia nos tanto ferimus nil funere dignum,
Supplebunt reliquum sêcla futura decus.
Nam tua vel ſeri celebrabunt facta nepotes,
Hoc tibi Poſteritas Elogiúmque dabit;
Per Te, merſa diu, caput extulit *Anglia*, rurſus
Inſula præſidio facta *beata* Tuo:

Per

Per Te Rex iterum CAROLUS, verèque *Secundus*,
Prosperáque imperia & Sceptra *secunda* tulit.
Sic Tua venturi recinent miracula Vates;
Vix ut quis, quæ nos vidimus, acta putet.
Sic nostrum Heroa æternùm mirabitur orbis,
Et *Monachi* laudes fama loquetur anus,
Tótque Tibi in cippo Tituli, quot Nomina Regum;
Quótque Throni, tot erunt & Monumenta Tibi.
Ecce! parentatum est: Funebria, Maxime GEORGI,
Hæc tua sunt, hæc &, quà patet orbis, erunt.
At quicquid præsens, vel postera fecerit ætas,
Semper erunt meritis Justa minora tuis.

In Eundem,

Quòd maluit in CATHEDRA, *quàm in Lecto mori.*

NOluit in molli moriens requiescere lecto
Dux cubitum in castris sternere suetus humi.
Qui Regem erexit, Solióque locavit avito,
In Cathedra erectus debuit ille mori.
Dum sedet in *Cathedra* armorum Martisque *Professor*,
Temnere nos mortis tela cruenta *docet*.

Epitaphium Illustrissimi GEORGII *Ducis* ALBEMARLÆ.

REgum Patronus, Sospitator Principum,
Jamjam labantis Restitutor seculi,

Columna

THRENODIA.

Columna Relligionis, & Monarchiæ,
Eccleſiæ ſimul Reſque publicæ
Redintegrator, Imperi Britannici
Ruentis *Atlas*, Orbis hujus deſtina,
Marcellus idem & Angliæ *Fabius* ſuæ,
Columen bonorum, Patriæ ſpes & ſalus,
Oligarchiæ clades, flagellum Schiſmatis,
Terror Rebellium, gregíſque perfidi
Fanaticorum malleus, Vindex doli,
Sceleríſque maſtix, ficta quod pietas tegit,
Sufflamen ingens impetûs Alaſtorum,
Inſanienti doctus helleborum dare
Plebi, & tremendum pellere è Regno Chaos,
Monſtrorum & Hydræ Domitor Anglus *Hercules*,
Popularis Hydræ, multiformis Belluæ,
Capitum reſector uſque pullulantium,
Paucis, Viator, ut complectar omnia,
Currûs Boôtes *Caroli* GEORGIUS,
Solis propinqui Prodromus, [a] Sudum enitens *Job. 37. 22.*
Aquilone, Regni Phoſphorus, reddens diem,
Stator Britannus, Magnus *Albamarlius*,
Pietas, Fidéſque, Candor, & Prudentia,
Et Fortitudo, pariter hoc tumulo jacent.

Aliud.

HEctoris hic tumulus, *cum quo* Nova *Troja ſepulta*,
Albion hoc *albo marmore* tecta jacet.
Nempe *atram* & luteam *priùs*, *Albamarlius* Heros
Albionémque albam marmoreámque dedit.

Jaco. Duport, Coll. Magdal.
Præfect. Dec. *Petriburg.*
Acad. Procan.

In Obitum Excellentissimi, nec non Numeris omnibus Absolutissimi Ducis, Ducis ALBÆMARLENSIS

Carmen Funebre.

CUr, quia dignus eras, quem nos superesse precemur,
Fingimus immites in Tua fata Deos?
Nec quia dignus eras, qui Diis petereris ab ipsis,
Credimus indignos Te magis esse viros?
O nos indigni, qui Te deflemus ademptum!
Optamúsque Tibi non potuisse mori.
Felices Animæ quæ Te petiêre, dederunt
Hanc Tibi Dii mentem sic voluisse mori.
Nec mirum est, si Te totum non cernimus ævum;
Nullus in his potuit Juppiter esse locis.
Si non mortalis, certè Deus Ipse fuisses,
Non es mortalis, nunc eris ergo Deus.
Tu Divis permixtus abis; Pars optima Cœlos,
Æthereâsque domos occupat illa Tui,
Non morbis, nec morti obnoxia; Pessima pars est,
Quæ manet, in mœstos nunc abitura rogos.
Et licèt Hectoreâ requiescat Corpus in Urnâ:
Hîc meliore tamen parte superstes eris.
Cúmque satis nullus decoret Tua funera fletus,
(Nec nimis esse potest, quod satis esse nequit)
O Came! O Thamesis! factæque in utrisque Camœnæ
Lugete, & mœstos ingeminate sonos;
Et quantùm liceat, verbis depingite Mortis
Sævitiam; Non est, sic doluisse, nimis.

Nec

THRENODIA.

Nec satis est optâsse mori, Dux Inclyte, Tecum:
Pro Te, pro patriâ, sed voluisse mori.

Jaco. Fletewood, S. T. P.
& *Coll. Regalis* Præpos.

P. M.

Glorioſiſsimi DUCIS.

ILle est, *Hic Ille*, Fama quem tremit loqui,
Nè vera fando stigma Mendacis ferat.
Hic Ille, fortunæ haud magis suæ faber,
Quàm Principis, Reique nostræ publicæ,
Ecclesiæque, & Omnium quorum interest
Florere Pacem, Numen & summum colit:
Et Nestor idem Mentis ingenii penu,
Idémque Achilles gloriâ invictæ Manûs,
Virtutis unus Dux & *Albemarlia*.
Astræa nostris pulsa cùm terris caput
Conderet Olympo; cùm Nefas Britanniæ
Hiberniæque, more torrentis, plagas
Latè occuparet; solus hic tristi stetit
Heros arenâ, solus auxilium parat,
Ipse Imperator sibimet atque Exercitus;
Illum haud *Draconis tortuosi* fraudibus
Intexta rabies, prosperum aut fregit scelus:
Illi Hydra, Monstrum mukiceps, atrox, ferum
Ingratiis cessit; stupens se subditam

Idque ante pugnam. Sic serenato Angliæ
Cœlo, & paratâ CAROLO, ut decuit, viâ,
Patriæ reposuit pristinam Pacem, & Decus;
Omníque longè major invidiâ senex
Potuit salute publicâ Ipse perfrui.
Post tanta Gesta, nempe restabat Mori;
Fidémque facere, splendidum Authorem tamen
Hominem fuisse, nec oriundum cœlitús.

T. Beaumont, Coll. S. Petri
Præfectus.

ACcipias placidè, si deponantur ad urnam
Insoliti cineres, *Elisabetha*, tuam.
Non hæc effrænes intruduntbusta rebelles,
Præmia qui sceleris sancta sepulcra petunt.
Hunc augusta Ducem propter monumenta recondit,
Annumerátque atavis CAROLUS Ipse suis.
Debuit haud alio, vel summo judice regum,
Qui tria restituit regna, jacere loco.

Jo. Pearson, Coll. S.S. Trin. Mag.
& D. Margaritæ Professor.

In Religionem avitam, sub auspiciis optimi REGIS,
& ductu inclyti DUCIS, *Fanaticorum*
rabiem vindicatam.

ATô *Iambi* queis nimis pigri pedes,
Et gressus impar premere Magnatum vias,
Adeste

Adeste vindice manu; ut insequamini
Fanaticorum dissipatas Copias,
Domitúmque vulgus, & capita fera *Bellua*.
Nostros Triumphos non potestis assequi,
Celeréve cursu æquare Gloriæ rotas:
Sed spicula veneno, & *Lycambis* sanguine
Tingere potestis, & in triumphatam *Hæresin*
(Ut *Nemesis* à tergo) potestis mittere.
Aperuit *Angelus* infimam *Stygii* lacûs *Apocal. c. 9.*
Abyssum, & indè *Fumus* exiit niger,
Diem tenebris obruens; éque puteo
Ortæ *Locustæ* tectum operuerunt solum,
(*Locustæ* ab *Erebo*, malum *Erebo* ipso tetrius:)
Quæ *Scorpii* caudas aculeatas habent:
His vulnerant, maló sque malè mordent viros,
Et tabe dirâ, macrâ & invidiâ linunt.
Hinc fæda vitiorum lues, error vagus,
Terrísque nascitur omne *Schismatum* genus.
Tandem nec *aris* parcitur, nedum *focis*:
Mystas, & *Ædes* diripit *sacras* simul,
Thecásque, *Cœlitésque* sacrilega manus.
Opacat oculos hoc genus tabi, obruit
Mentémque nebulis, nè Bonum à Malo queat
Discretum habere: Hinc *prosperum & felix scelus*
Virtus vocatur, turbida & factio *Fides*,
Rapina *pia fraus*, invidia *zelus* cluit,
Proterviáque fit *conscientia* nota.
Sed hanc Malorum non diu *Lernam* tulit
Dux Herculanus, agítque ferro vindice,
*Orcó*que tradit filiam hanc *Orci* trucem.
Protinus in *ignes*, unde sunt satæ prius,
Eunt *Locustæ*, & suda linquunt omnia,

Omnia

Omnia serena, ubi *fumus* iste evanuit.
Suos *Iernus* (Hoc Duce) eliquat lacus;
Scotus tenebras discutit; nec amplius
Caliginosa noctis umbra territat
Anglos, suo furore ceritos diu,
Malóque ductos *Genio*. Apage larvas tuas,
Lemuréſque, *Cathare*: Nos eum sequimur *Ducem*,
Cui fucus odio est, vera sed probitas placet:
Disparet *Ignis fatuus*, exorto die.
Sic, sic, *Draconem* contudit GEORGIUS,
Illíque cum genimine contrivit caput.

At ô cruenta Fata! qui vicit *Styga*,
Stygiásque ranas nè coaxent obtudit,
A morte, filiâ *Stygis* victus jacet;
Non perditus tamen: Exit è busto altior,
Phœnicis instar, plaudit & cineres suos.
FELIX: TRIUMPHATOR: PATER PATRIÆ: PIUS:
ECCLESIÆ VINDEX: AVERRUNCUS DEUS:
STATOR ANGLIÆ: FANATICORUM MALLEUS:
Qui regna CAROLO reddidit, CAROLUM suis,
Ecclesiæ pacem, Reíque Publicæ,
Fidelitatem Militibus, animam *Deo*.

T. Stephens, S. T. P. *Coll. Jes.*

In Heroa Illum *nunquam satis deflendum*, tertio *die* Januarii *expirantem*.

LIlia *Reginámque* cohors quæ nuper *adempta*
Flevit, nunc mœrens *Arma Ducémque* canit.

Heu!

THRENODIA.

Heu! PAR QUALE recèns (ſexu licèt *impare*) flemus!
Illa Venus nuribus, Mars erat *Ille* viris.
Quis modus ærumnis? velut unda ſupervenit undam;
Jam citò *Granta* ſuos ad nova penſa rapit.
Juſta ſed HENRETTÆ dedimus ſuprema *ſepultæ*:
Eſt ALBÆMARLO jam tribuendus honor.
Indocti doctíque ferant nunc carmina, *Cæſar*
Cùm jubet, & *Patriæ* publica vota vocant;
Dúxque ſenex meruit: Nec plenior Ille diebus,
Quàm *Meritis*. *Talem* ſic cecidiſſe queror.
En! PATRIÆ PATER ipſe decus *Patris* indidit *Illi*:
Hinc *utrique Patrum* fama perennis erit.
Nunc bene *Majeſtas* & *Amor* miſcentur in *æquo*
CÆSARE, tam *fidum* collacrymante *Caput*;
Dîs charum populó que *Caput*. Mihi vota ſuperſunt,
Tales quàm-multos jactet ut AULA Viros.

Tertia nec JANI pòſt, nec *penultima*, multo
Sit ſine ſingultu prætereunda *Dies*:
(*Utraque Lux* velanda Anglis caligine nigrâ!)
Hæc REGEM nobis abſtulit, *iſta* DUCEM.

Guilielmus Fairebrother, in Jure
Civili D. & *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

In Ducem ALBÆMARLÆ, *ſtantem morientem.*

HOc ſitus eſt Pario ſub marmore GEORGIUS Anglus,
Lector, Crede, ſub hoc marmore nemo jacet;

Qui

Qui mare, qui terras, qui ignes superaverat, hîc stat,
Non valet Herculeum flectere Parca caput.
Haud cadit, aut oritur Sol, at cecidisse videtur;
Nec cecidit, per quem Spes *Carolina* stetit.

Fa. Jackson, M. D. *A. Cl. Soc.*

In Imperatoris Mortem verè Imperatoriam.

ARbiter Imperii cecidit, Fatíque minister,
Nam stetit à Mortis partibus ille diu.
Aspexit lucem si quando famelicus ensis,
Quos petit ad tenebras protinùs ire jubet.
Cæde saginatum, spoliis auctum, atque triumphis
Hostem jam dignum Mors putat esse sibi.
Invadit primò tacitè crescentibus undis,
Venter adhuc vivo creverat in tumulum.
Nunc latet in victu, facilè sub nomine amici
Intrat, quæ vitam, dant alimenta necem.
Carneus heu! vitæ fontem tumor obstruit; Ipse
Vivere ubi incepit, cœpit & indè mori.
Nec tamen ignavè occubuit, cùm stare nequiret,
Acriter in Cathedrâ dimicat, & moritur.
Ultima lucta probat validâ cum morte, minore
Hoste Ducem Magnum non potuisse mori.

Hen. Paman. M. D.
Coll. Joh. Soc.

THRENODIA.

Εἰς τελευτὴν τοῦ περιφανεστάτου Ἥρωος ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΥ
τοῦ ΑΛΒΕΜΑΡΛ

ΘΡΗΝΩΔΙΑ.

Θεὰ πανώλης Μοῖρα, παμμήστωρ βροτῶν,
Τί δῆτ' Ἀνάγκης δυσλύτοις ἴλλεις πέδαις
Δούλους τ' Ἄνακτάς θ' ὡς τύχεν; Τί βάσκανος
Τὰ μικρὰ θεῖσ' ἐν οὐδενὸς λόγου μέρει
Λαμπρῶν στοχάζῃ, καὶ σκοπῶ οὐκ ἀστοχεῖς
Λαμπρῶ' ἱεῖσα μόρσιμον πτηνὸν βέλος;
Ἥρωος οὐ σεμνόν γ' ὑποπτήσσεις θράσος.
Τὰς σὰς ἀπειλὰς ἀντίον δεδορκότος.
Ὄσσοισι δεινοῖς; ὀμμάτων ἔτλης φέρειν
Γοργωπὸν αἴγλην ἀξίων τυραννίδος;
Ἀρετῶν φάλαγγας μυρίων περισταδὸν,
Χαρίτων τ' ἀολλεῖς οὐ στρατοὺς ὀῤῥωδέεις;
Ἀλλ' οὐδὲ θνήσκει· οὐκ ἔην θανεῖν ὅλως
Ἥρωα τόνδε· ἀλλά μιν πάλαι ποτὲ
Ταγὸν ποθοῦσαι δηθὰ, τὸν μέγαν Ταγὸν,
Ἀπόντα δηρὸν, πρὸς πόλον κεκλήκασιν
Ἱεραὶ φάλαγγες εὔπτεροι τῶν Ἀγγέλων,
Κυδρὸν γενέσθαι τῶν ἄνω στρατῶν Ταγὸν,
Ἐν πατρίῳ δὲ καὶ θριαμβεύειν πόλῳ.
Συμεὼν τὸ Χριστοῦ μὴ πάλαι γενέθλιον
Ἑώρακ' ἦμαρ, στεῦτο δὲ κραιπνῶς θανεῖν,
Κύσας τὸ θεῖον συχνάκις βρεφύλλιον.
Ἥρως ὁμοίως οὗτοσι τρισόλβιος,
Βίον παρέλκων μέχρις ἂν φθάνοι ἰδὼν
Χριστοῦ γενέθλης ἡμέραν παλίντροπον
Ἐνιαυσιαίαν, τὸν βίον χαίρειν ἐᾷ
Ζωοῖς μετεῖναι πλεῖον οὐ θέλων ἔτι.

Ἀλλ', ὦ Μέγιστε, τῆς Βρεταννίας φόως,
Ἀστὴρ ἀνάκτων πρόδρομός γ' ἀπαρκτίας,
Μέγας κομήτης ἄγγελος τῶν κοιράνων
Φαεινὸς, ὀξὺς ποῖ πόλου παρέδραμες
Ἕλκων ἐπ' Ἀγγλοὺς νύκτα καὶ ζόφον βαθύν;
Δεῖξαι βροτοῖσιν, ἐκ τίνος μέρους θέλεις
Στίλβειν ὀλύμπου, ἢ Ξίφους φαιδρῶ πέλας,
Ἤτοι ἀπ' Ἄρκτου, ἠὲ καί που ἀλλόθεν·
Οὐ μὰν δυνήσῃ δηρὸν ἐν πόλῳ λαθεῖν,
Εὑρεῖν γὰρ ἔσται, Καρόλῳ φιλὸν κάρη
Πάλαι σε ὄντα, κἂν πόλῳ, οἷον τὸ πρὶν,
Στίλβοντα κἀκεῖ Στέμματος λαμπρῶ πέλας.
Δέξαι δὲ τούσδε τοὺς αὐτοσχεδὸν γόους.
Ὡς τῶ θανόντος πρὸς τάφον ταγῶ πρυλεῖς,
Ὅταν τύχωσιν ὄρχαμοι κτερισμάτων,
Στείχουσ' ὁμαρτῇ καὶ κόνει μακρὸν δόρυ
Πρηνὲς χαράττει ποικίλων ἴχνη γόων·
Ὡς ἄμμι, μυσῶν μὲν φάλαγξ, Σοὶ πρὸς τάφον
Ὀπηδέοντες, ὅπλα τὰ γραπτήρια,
Μυσῶν τὰ τεύχη, χαρτίου τῶδ' ἐν πέδῳ
Πρηνηδὸν ἑλκόμεσθα, καὶ οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως,
Χαράττομεν δὴ πένθιμον μέλος τόδε.
Ψυχῇ δὲ μικρὸν Σῇ ὑδρόσπονδον τόδε
(Καὶ τάσδε δέξαι τρὶς μάκαρ ψυχὴ χοάς)
Χύτλον φέροντες δακρύων ἀεννάων
Σοὶ σπεισόμεσθα τύμβον ἄρδοντες τεόν.

R. Creyghton, L. Gr. Pr. *Coll. Trin.*

Abstersit

THRENODIA.

ABſterſit nondum lacrymas Academia Mater,
Funere Regali queîs maduere genæ:
Altera quum triſtis nos urget cauſa dolendi,
Quæ cogit luctus ingeminare novos.
Palladio ſpoliata ſuo Reſpublica luget;
Patria, & imprimis CAROLUS Ipſe, dolet;
Illum, qui Patriæ Patrem, Regíque Senatum
Reddidit, heu! nobis abſtulit una dies.
Quando autem miſeros, GEORGI, ſic deſeris Anglos,
Et Superi te nunc ad ſua regna vocant,
O nè unquam redeat, Duce te diſcuſſa, procella,
Perfida, quo vivo, turba quieta fuit.
Quondam ſæva Tibi parebant fata, jubenti
Quà libuit vitam, quà libuítve necem.
Hinc mors callida Te non æquo Marte petebat,
Sed fractum morbis improba adorta fuit.
Interea flemus: rident tres ecce Sorores,
Te, Dux, arte ſuâ dum periiſſe vident.

Fran. Bridgeman, Filius Domini
Orlandi Bridgeman, Cuſtodis,
magni Sigilli, *Coll. Magd.*

FInis eſt bello: redit ad Triumphum
GEORGIUS, magnus Britonum Imperator;
Milites jactant ſua, dum Togati
Carmina condunt.
Ipſe Rex currum ſequitur reductus;
GEORGIUS ſellâ ſedet in curuli;
Nempe jam primùm petit hos honores
Ultima paſſus.

Justus in vivis aberat Triumphus,
Gloriæ totus CAROLI litabat,
Quódque captivos animos trahebat
Sat sibi duxit.

Oh! tui parcus nimis æstimator,
Facta cui rectè faciunt ruborem,
Nec nisi exanguis pateris triumphum
Fronte serenâ.

Exeras charum caput, O Beate;
Semper obscuras repetes latebras?
Quamdiu noto *Monachus* reducet
Ora Cucullo?

Anglus, exultas ubi tu, dolebit;
Gaudii Belgas socios habeto,
Seu magis Galli Saliæque gentis
Grata chorea est.

Ferre qui vivum nequeunt, triumphent;
Anglus, ut functum tulerit, veretur;
Quique Te nondum didicit carere,
Luget ademptum.

Carolus Wright, Trin. Coll. Soc. Proc. Sen.

PLures Joves fuisse, plures Hercules
Testantur antiqui monimenta seculi;
At quicquid omnes fecerant Heroïcum
In unius solet refundi gloriam:
Sic ante natales Tuos, Dux inclyte,
Olim ferunt fuisse Sanctum GEORGIUM;

At

At Te nepotes GEORGIUM credent eum,
Et Angliam, quam liberâsti, virginem.

Sam. Beck, Jun. Proc. *C. C. C. Soc.*

DIsrupta *Hollandæ navalis* Cornua *Lunæ*
Non nisi sunt famæ buccina rauca Tuæ.
Te pia pugnantem velârunt nubila fumi,
Condere sic nubes numinis ora solet.
Dum Tua victrices cingebant Tempora Laurus,
A Bombardarum fulmine tutus eras.
Non auro, rutilas *Batavo* sed *sanguine* arenas
Æquora (quod majus nobiliúsque) ferunt.
Suecia Gustavi fileat miracula Adolphi;
Clarius en nostro fidus in orbe micat.
Mars Terris, Nestor monitis, Neptunus in undis,
His tribus auspiciis stant *tria Regna* Tuis.

Dux hydrope laborans.

ARtes inscriptæ Sethi periêre Columnæ,
Mersus Diluvii cùm fuit orbis aquis.
Sic Regni hic cecidit, Musarum & nobilis Atlas,
Dum tumidum hydropis corpus abundat aquis.
Ast Anima Ætheream, velut olim Turtur, ad Arcam
Tendit, námque *moram hîc non patiuntur aquæ.*
Turgentem hinc nostris hydropem mandat ocellis,
Fit Globus & lacrymis Insula uterque suis.
Hæc Tua sic Pietas *lustrali flumine* terras
Cæde cruentatas officiosa lavat.

Conspirant

Conspirant ambo in nostras Elementa ruinas,
Ignibus atque undis bis *nova Troja* perit.
Dum totam hoc facinus vitiavit crimine massam,
Nulla, nisi in lacrymis quæ fluit, *unda pia est.*
Continet hic, nostris quicquid sit nobile terris,
Dum sic *Terra-aqueus* visus & ipse *Globus.*
Fluxus, refluxus, quasi tot suspiria ab imo
Corde Thetis fundit; palpitat usque dolor.

Imperatoris ad instar, stans moritur.

NOn *jacet* Hic, nè morte quidem; nec cedere fatis
Dignatur: moriens *stat* monumenta sibi.
Alta petit mens alta; sed ambitione remotâ,
Ambivit *Summum* non nisi morte *locum.*

ARma virúmque cano, Scotia qui primus ab oris
Optato Angliacas ditavit lumine terras.
Sol Boreâ exoritur, lux è caligine; mutant,
Te mandante, suum Natura & tempora cursum.
Clarum sanguineâ rediit sic mane fugatâ
Nocte, sequuturum dat *vespera rubra* serenum.
Ille *Axis* regni meritò dicatur, ab Arcto
Dum, per utrumque polum, rectè tendebat in Austrum,
Hoc uno Angliacus dum cardine volvitur orbis.
Hostes Hic solâ vultûs, placidâque fugavit
Majestate manûs, Regem dum pectore condit.
Illi *à consiliis* nemo, nisi Numina, *sacris,*
Nec fas est *sanctam* scrutari Pectoris *Arcam.*
Mercurius *cælúmque inter terrámque volabat*
Nubibus obscuris latitans: sic numina nostros
Effugiunt oculos, magis & veneranda videntur

Quæ magis obſcurum referunt Myſteria ſenſum;
Plenior & *Nigra* eſt terrore & fulmine Nubes.
Sic venit, vicit: ſic ipſe Archangelus olim
Dæmona non armis, ſed *diſceptando*, ſubegit.

Ja. Lowde, A. M. *Aul. Clar. Soc.*
& Acad. Taxat. Sen.

GLoria quanta perit nobis? cantatâ Deorum
Præ qua ſordeſcunt nomina, Roma, tua,
Reddidit Ænean invictum Muſa Maronis,
Hujus at in laudes fabula nulla venit.
Pelidæ, nati & Laertâ legimus acta,
Sed majora Ducis vidimus acta manu.
Nec ſolùm, quos terra dedit, jactamus honores,
Tantæ virtutis teſtis & unda venit.
Vos, Belgæ, quoties fluctus vidêre trementes,
Et maturantes, Hoc veniente, fugam?
Magnum terra dedit, magnum dedit undáque Nomen;
Sed CAROLUS rediens, Te Duce, quale dedit?
Quas laudes, quos tunc meruit ſine cæde triumphos?
Dextræ magna, animi gloria major erat.
Conſilio quot tunc fregit, non Marte, cohortes?
Languentem hâc patriam reddidit arte ſibi.
Templa Deis hâc arte dedit, dedit otia ferro,
Hâc populo leges, hâc *Carolúmque* dedit.
Nobis & rebus noſtris dedit Ipſe ſalutem,
Heu! perit, infelix Anglia, veſtra ſalus.

Elias Bachiler, A. M. *Coll. Regal. Soc.* Taxatorum alter.

Caſtalios

CAstalios latices sacri de vertice montis
Da mihi Phœbe, precor, celebrare ut carmine possim
Dignum laude virum, quo non insignior alter,
Toto nec famæ radiis illustrior orbe.
Pacis opus primùm mirer, bellíne labores?
Quid dicam placidos servato pondere mores?
Quæ pietas? Quæ prisca fides? prudentia quanta?
Quantus amor recti, jam tum spectatus & illo
Tempore, cùm sceleris tanta essent præmia, quanta
Penè vel incoctum generoso pectus honesto
Concuterent, Regnum, diademata, purpura, fasces,
Cùm CAROLUM in Patriam sine cæde & sanguine, Cœli
Depositum, armatus multâ cum pace reduxit.
Quid Decios mihi, Roma, tuos, Fabiíque triumphos,
Scipiadásque duos narras, & fulmina Belli?
Huic similem gens nulla Ducem tulit, Anglia quondam
Bellatrix tanto nec se jactabit Alumno.
At tandem Fato cessit Vir magnus, honoris
Jam satur, & voti compos, jam Rege reverso,
Opportunè obiit felix, non indigus ævi,
Nec nimius, Pylíi at dignus vel Nestoris annos
Vivere, vel potiùs vitæ transcendere metas.
O Dux, salve perpetuùm mihi, maxime MONCHI,
Perpetuúmque vale; nimiùm foret Anglia felix,
Tale decus sæpè, & similes si Heroas haberet.

C. C. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Exsurge

THRENODIA.

EXsurge Marmor, arcuati formicis
Deterge stratum, saxeámque chlamydem
Celsissimi injice in humeros fortes Ducis.
Quid triste Cæsarem hospitem Marmor sitit?
Augustiorem victimam hic tegit Lapis.
Luctûs tributum cui tiara principum
Et ipsa solvit purpura. Orbis gestiunt
Suis Monarchæ sumptibus clarissimam
Augere gloriam Rogi. Nullus premat
Tamen theatrum: CAROLI solus Dolor
Duci Inclyto quàm lugubrem Scenam struit!
Sceptri potentis splendidas spargens opes
Fastus adornat funeris; Reliquos sinit
Spectare pompam, cujus ipse est Regius
Faber. Sic Aurum (Magne CÆSAR) deplue;
Regaliter sic minue gazas: Principis
Verè est, fidelibus revixit Artibus
Quorum corona, sceptra sumptu funera
Curare; Ad insigne Meritum Herois stupet
Orbis: Loquatur Vulgus, Epitaphium
Sed Marmori Reges figant. ———

Edwardus Kemp, Coll. Regin. Socius.

Tumulus GEORGII *Ducis Albemarlæ.*

TOlle graves Lapides, lacrymosáque Marmora tolle,
Non istis huic est accumulandus honor;
Usque adeò angustum est quicquid compre'ndere possit;
Bustáque dissilient *Hospite* rupta suo.

Proh quantus! proprio tria dans Diademata Regi!
Quémque *Patrem* indigitat, qui Pater est Patriæ.
Quid mirum, toto si vix dum clauditur Orbe?
Unò non jaceat Gloria tanta loco.

Sub pedibus sita sit Caledonia: molle paretur
Pulvinar Capiti Terra Britanna tuo,
Et superimpositus tibi surgat Hibernia *Cippus*:
Singula se debent hæc Tria Regna tibi.
Atque Tholis affixa tuis, Quæque Insula circùm
Pendeat, ut dextræ justa Trophæa tuæ.
Illîc Res Scotiæ, & pugnata ex ordine bella,
Quà mare, quà tellus, *Arma Virúmque cane.*
Nec procul hinc (INVICTA licèt) *Sterlinga* notetur.
Fisa si quid dignum, *Forthâque* si quid habet:
Orchades atque Hebrides, Mundi procul ultima Thule
Hæc nostro Alcidæ sola *Columna* manet.
Conjuratorum stent *Consistoria* fratrum
Ipsa *suo* victas *Fudere* vincta manus:
Stabit & à tergo gemebunda & *naufraga Classis*,
In lacrymis eheu! (quàm bene?) mersa suis.
Parte aliâ, Fluctu spumantia Cærula cano
Cernere erit, lato & fervere bella mari:
HUNC celsâ in puppi, (frustrà rugiente Leone
Batavico) tumidis ponere jura fretis:
Fractas undique Classes, disjectáque antennas:
Nereus in tremulis abdidit ora vadis.
Palluit ad rauci Thetis ipsa tonitrua Campi;
Sed, fugitive, *rubet* sanguine, Belga, tuo.

HUNC TUMULUM *vivens* posuit sibi *Monckius* ingens.
Claudito Marmoreas, signa adamante fores

THRENODIA.

O nunquam referandas! Nec, dum Regna manebunt,
Qui prope Te jaceat, MONCKIUS alter erit.

Guil. Quarles, Aul. Pembr. Soc.

Epitaphium Ducis ALBEMARLIENSIS.

SIste viator,
& Effare marmor.
Hîc jacet Angliæ Genius tutelaris,
GEORGIUS MONKIUS, Dux *Albemarlienſis*,
Eques Periſcelidis, & Britannici militis
Imperator, &c.
Nec magis titulis, quàm meritis inſignis,
Virtute bellicâ clarus vel ab incunabulis,
Martis audiat Primogenitus.
Ut omittam apud Scotos quot præſtiterat egregia,
Quoties ſubdolùm cautè ſatis fefellerat hoſtem,
Nobis Angligenis erit Sanct. GEORGIUS ſecundus,
(Quis futurus tertius nondùm conſtat)
Ni magis dignus qui primus habeatur:
Utpote qui non Virginem ſolùm, Regiam licèt liberavit,
Nec unicum tantùm Draconem fortiter licèt jugulavit;
Verùm ter centum Dracones, Senatum nempe, totûmq; gregẽ
Proſtravit & peſſundedit. (Democraticũ
Quin & Regem, Regiámq; proſapiã, triplexq; Diadema ſartum
Quaſi poſtliminio reduxit. (tectum conſervatum
Terror erat tum vivus, tum moriens delirantibus Fanaticis,
Et fruſtrà excandeſcente phrenetico perduellium zelo,

Et nihil obstante formidabili Militum apparatu,
Et Regno Regem, Regi populum, populóq; pacem, verámq;
cunctando restituit. (libertatem
Nec minùs apud exteros, quàm apud indigenas
Inclaruit nomen, fama, & honos GEORGII;
Senserunt Batavi (neque enim pudet referre)
Invictum & impavidum Ducis nostri animum,
Cùm hostilis militis heu! quantâ copiâ
Oppressus penè videretur.
Nec Belgas reformidavit, nec Gallos, imò nec rabidam pestem
Ære plusquam triplici munitum GEORGII pectus,
Generoso scilicet incoctum honesto.
Quò verò magìs grassata est hæc lethalis pestis,
Eò impensiùs muneri vacavit militari
Dux vigilantissimus.
Annorum tandem, Virtutum, & honorum plenus,
Postquam Pacem procurâsset ritè stabilitam,
Filiúmque unicum optimè vidisset maritatum,
Sponte jam cessit hosti à se sæpiùs profligato
Aliàs cedere nescius.
Obiit 3° *Jan.* Anno Dom. 162.
Non molli recumbens lecto, sed insidens solio,
Ut vixit sic obiit Imperator,
Intellectu vel in articulo mortis nihil vacillante.
Festi extremum Natalitii in cœlis absoluturus,
Cujus Adventum in terris Religiosè observârat.
Et ultimum jam spirans halitum
Regi CAROLO vota gestis majora,
Populo Anglicano pacem & illibatam Religionem,
Et hæredi intemeratam ad extremũ usq; erga Regẽ fidelitatẽ
D. D.
Interim nè metuas Viator festum hoc, quo obiit, solenne
Lacrymâ

THRENODIA

Lacrymâ ſaltem unâ aut alterâ commaculare,
Ni parùm deceat manes Ducis in cœlis jam triumphantis
Vel lacrymulâ violare.
At abi viator,
Et cùm imitari nequeas,
Nè deſinas admirari.

Jo. Radcliffe, S.T.B. & Coll. Magd. Soc.

NUnquid in æternum? Quin longos mitte dolores,
Et juſtis Lacrymis ſit modus, Alma Parens.
Quid laceras vultus iterum? Quid pectora tundis?
Perpetuum funus ſola MARIA dabit?
Sic bene lugemus miſeros, ſic fata malorum:
Hocce parentari noluit illa modo.
Fallor, & agnoſco recidivo ſortè dolori
Cauſam (quam metuo) poſſe ſubeſſe novam.
Quæ niſi ſummorum Regum Patriæque Parentum
Nulla dolere ſoles funera, Muſa dole.
CAROLUS uſque decus tertis, manet uſq; propago
Regia, cura Dei, deliciæ populi.
Unus adhuc ſupereſt, niſi non ſupereſſe dolemus,
Cui planctus debet docta caterva ſuos.
Hoc video: Tu fida ſed infeliciter, Alma
Mater, namque hodie Regia buſta paris.
Occidit (heu!) Regni Stator! quis cætera fando
Explicet! has vires nulla poëſis habet.
Sentio depreſſæ mentis per pectora ſuſum
Murmur, quod pietas vix cohibere valet.
Quid nos (ô ſuperi) in cœlum committere tantum?
Anglia quid potuit? Quid meruêre boni?

Uſque

Usque adeò omnigenos uno jam fulmine mulctat,
Perderet utque omnes Jupiter, unus abit.
Siccine sævitum est in Te, Brittannia, semper?
Et dabis æternos hostibus usque jocos?
Sed nec inexperti sanè sumus ante malorum:
Conquerimur primis jam graviora malis.
Cùm furor Anglorum mentes agitaret & arma,
Anglia & undabam sanguine tota meo:
Non ego causabar cœlos, non jura suprema;
Nil animi verbis impatientis erat.
Sensi olim intrepidè pestem Flammámque vorácem;
Urbes hæc uffit, viscera & illa mea.
Perdere vel terras omnes quæ singula possint,
Hæc ego constanti pectore juncta tuli:
At non sola tulit: per Te, Dux inclyte, totum
Hoc potuit; per Te post malà tanta valet.
Certa sub auspiciis vestris sua fata repellit,
Consilio freta, & viribus usa tuis.
Anglum non flammæ terrent, non vulnera pestis
Te Duce, & in diro tempore victor erat.
Unius hæc potuit virtus, hæc GEORGIUS, ætas
Præsens quæ vidit, Postera vix capiet.
O si quam patriæ vitam tua facta dederunt
Æternam, hanc possent reddere fata tibi!
Per nova quæ faceres sentirent fortè nepotes,
Quæ sumus expetti vera fuisse tua.
At ridet Cœlum miserorum hæc irrita vota,
Inque suum damnum non solet esse pium.
CAROLUS in cœlis nunc primùm vota suorum
Damnat, & immemores non sinit esse sui.
Anglia mitte meum, Regum Sanctissimus inquit,
CAROLUS, Alter Ego; sufficit Ille Tibi.

Nuper

THRENODIA.

Nuper ut aggressa est summi laquearia cœli,
Et petiit sponsum Diva MARIA suum:
Oscula dum sacra, & pia dum consortia miscent,
En tibi virtutis præmia, Martyr ait.
Ergò quid in terris languet fortissimus Heros?
Munera num cœli negligit ille pia?
Negligat ille sua, at quid gaudia nostra moratur?
Vendicat & cœlum hunc, impatiensque moræ est.
Jam satis armorum, Victor, satis atque laborum,
Quid miles toties militat emeritus?
Nec te sollicitet belli, Brittannia, cura,
Extorsit virtus hostibus arma Ducis;
Quem reducem solio posuit Dux, CAROLUS Alter
Firmatam pacem perpetuamque dabit.
Nil quod agas superest: quin cœlo redde triumphos,
Ut citò Te reddas, CAROLUS ipse volo.
Dixit; & ille capit demissa per æthera verba,
Maturátque fugam promptus ad astra suam.
Primáque dum superûm Dux noster limina calcat,
Protinus occurrunt agmina sancta Poli:
Primus erat Michael, cœlíque exercitus omnis
Adstat, & intrantis claudit utrinque latus.
Cætera quis narrat, quæ tum potuêre Superni,
Quæ meruit virtus justáque fama Ducis?

Hum. Gower, S. T. B. Coll. Div. Joh. Socius.

CIvis obit, cives inter clarissimus omnes
Fuêre quotquot aut erunt;
Expendis si facta viri sublimia, dotes
Aut inclytas si respicis.

Auspice

Auspice quo tria regna gravi collapsa ruinâ,
Terrúmque prolapsa in Chaos,
In decus emersêre suum robúrque, reducta
Pax est, & ordo redditus,
Cui reducem CAROLUM debemus, sceptráq; nostra
Repôsta justas in manus;
Cui leges nostras in prisca sede locatas,
Quas dira vis refixerat;
Sacráque cui, toties ausis temerata profanis,
Nunc aucta cultu debito.
Marte nec hæc crudo, vel fœdâ clade peregit,
Sed ensis umbrâ fulgidi,
Nominis aut famâ; quòd sese ostenderit hostem
Suffecit in victoriam.
Sed nec pace minor quàm bello floruit Heros,
Nec subditus cessit Duci;
Non magis imperii clavum tractare peritus,
Quàm promptus obsequi fuit:
Incubuit curâ semper vigilante fidelis
Custos salutis publicæ;
Non in reddendâ nobis quàm in pace tuendâ
Prudentior vel fortior.
Accessit, laudes quâ complet nulla coronis
Illustrior, modestia:
Laude fuit melior, quam surdâ transiit aure
Quòd pertineret ne sclus;
Sorte suâ major, quâ non elatus inanem
Descivit in superbiam;
Atque suo demum merito præclarior, illo
Premente, nemini gravis.
Talis, Magne, jaces; monumentorum insigne locatur
Tibi superstes Anglia.

Guil. Lynnet, S.T.B. *Coll. Trin. Soc.* DUX

THRENODIA.

DUX in Cathedra moriens.

SE Lecto fati certus Dux extulit ultrò;
Hinc divinandi vatibus ampla seges;
Protulit innumeras causas audacula turba;
Vera nec è cunctis forsitan ulla fuit.
Prodimus affines veris utcunque. Videri
Noluit ille, etiam cùm moreretur, iners.
Vel puduit morti toties incumbere visum,
Huic tandem veluti succubuisse, Ducem.
Aut excepit eam, se coràm sternere credens
Turpe, sui decoris pro ratione, sedens.
Nec voluit Parcam sic insultare; tremendus
Ille meis pedibus subditus ecce jacet!
Si sto cadam, dixit moriens, si cumbo jacebo,
Iste meam vitam mortis uterque situs
Dedecet: ut vixi moriar constanter & altè;
Hinc capio sellam, mors modò grata veni.
Ambivit vivum fruſtrà, quem jure rejecit,
Accipitur jure à demoriente, thronus.
Post tot quæsitas palmas, devictaque regna,
Sella triumphalis contigit illa Duci.
In campo mallet Bellator quærere mortem;
Aſt usquam campus nè foret, Ipſe dedit:
Inque acie forsan stantem, & victricibus armis
Accinctum, impetere haud ausa fuisset Eum.

Epitaphium.

Hic jacet (ut paucis discas, stupeásque viator)
Qualis nullus adhuc civis, AVUS PATRIÆ,
Guil. Corker, A. M. *Coll. Trin. Soc.*

ET Fatis tandem cessit, qui spicula mortis
Excussit toties? toties qui vulnera tutò
Risit, & armatus solâ virtute phalangas
Irruit in densas, subversis undique signis?
Evasit qui tot casus, discrimina tanta,
Spes sanè miseros lactabat vana Britannos
Non potuisse mori, & solitos finire triumphos.
O ego si possem supremum flectere numen!
Serior in cœlum rediisset, & Anglia Tanti
Herois nondum flevisset funera mœsta,
Quanquam quid lacrymas, planctus, sparsósque capillos?
Cur vacuæ implentur querulis ululatibus auræ?
Desinite ô socii, placidéque obdormiat, annos
Quem per tot longos, rexit dum spiritus artus,
Tam bene pro patriâ grati vigilâsse fatemur.

Arvos, O Superi, summo sub Rege merentes,
Huc validas afferte manus, fulgentia & arma:
Defuncti supplete locum, & circumvolet oras
Angliacas semper nivei Victoria pennis:
CAROLUS ut regnet felix, quam MONARCHUS olim
Rettulit, æternùm & florescat Pacis oliva.

Fabius Basset, A. M. Coll. Gonv. & Caii Socius.

QUis canat *Alcidem* posthac? quisve *arma virumque?*
Æneæ *novæ Trojæ* tenet sedolentia busta,
Qualia quæ campo nunquam micnêre Latino.
Qui satus Anchisâ *vidua* post fata Sichæi
Suppetias tulerat, Regi *Hic* soliòque locavit.

In Scotia *nebula circùm se fudit amictu,*
Ne quis scire dolos, *mediúsve occurrere posset,*
Incedit *taciti per amœna silentia* rumis,
Invadítque urbem, *nebula* rursùs fulmina mittens.
Non secùs ac Phœbus dum lustrat lampade terras,
E glebis exhaurit aquas, laticésque profundo,
Cùm levibus radiis placidè lata æquora lambit,
Indè vapor multus, surgit circum fluus humor,
Sed *nubes* non visa prius quàm pendula cœlo.
Sic *mediâ regione* situs Dux emicat hostis,
Horrendi rutilans ut *cœli exercitus* instat;
Illico panduntur portæ, nam numine pulsat.
Nec Sibi nec Superis visum hoc sat, pergere tendit,
Et tandem *mediâ* posuit *vexilla Suburrâ*.
Mox pius Æneas gestit servare Penates,
Quos pœnè absumptos dederant incendia belli,
Atque *Patrem Patriæ* scapulis gestabat in urbem,
Dardanio major, *Trojæ* compescuit ignes.
Quis canat *Alciden?* Popularem *Hic* contudit *Hydram*,
Fronte suâ *Batavum* poterat terrere *Leonem*,
Non iracundo metuens dare verbera ponto,
Castigare fretum, fluctus dum *Tartara* mudant,
Augeum stabulum purgat, putrémque *Senatum*,
Labentíque orbi succurrit *Regius Atlas*.
Non erat exuvijs tectus, nec pelle leonis
Alcides noster, nudus vel milite pauco,
Scotigenûm *Pictísque viris* illaserat hosti.
Talis erat quem fata velint occumbere morti,
Jam titubat terræ fulcrum, sæcli cadit ingens
Lumen præsentis, nautis *Cynosura* futuris.

Johan. Warly, A. M. Aul. Clare. Soc.

MOrs struit insidias, periit *Palinurus* hydrope,
Non *pelago*, at proprio mergitur Ille *Salo*.
Quid non saeva sibi vellent elementa *licere*,
Post domitum Oceanum, *si jugulatis aquis?*

Idem.

In Cippum Ill^mi Ducis ALBEMARLENSIS *in Sacello Regis* Henrici *septimi extruendum.*

SIste paulisper, Viator,
Quisquis heic audacior Regum cineres premis,
Tua huc, si lubet, vestigia flectas,
Et sacras ALBEMARLENSIS reliquias venerare.
Jacent hîc Tanti Viri exuviæ
Intra tot Regum viciniam;
Et illustrem GEORGII urnam,
Juxtâ avitos cineres
Sacris *Tudoriana* gentis favillis
Pio CAROLUS officio miscuit.
Tuum jam, *Elisabetha*, latus propior contingit
Egregius Monarchiæ vindex,
Et supra classis Hispanicæ victoriam
De tua Britanniâ meritus.
Vos autem, sacri Manes,
Siquæ hîc inter vestra monimenta
Regales oberratis umbræ,
Cernite novum hunc & eximium vestræ sepulturæ hospitem.
En quantus Heros! quales attollit oculos!
At quicquid illi agilioris & divini

Iners

THRENODIA.

Iners nuper & aquosum corpus ægrè trahebat,
In cœlum evolabat lymphis intacta anima.
Micantem etiamnum *Mariæ* tramitem
Et nuperi splendoris adhuc conscium sectatus,
Ad illustre *Caroli* Patris fidus *Georgius* properabat.
Siquidem stellas immigrare defunctas hâc vitâ animas
Paulò beatiores haud vani credimus;
Ille demum *Stuartiano* vortici
Illustrior accedet stellula.
Illic æternis gyris *Carolinum* sidus
Eximius astêcla comitatur.
Gestit CAROLUS sacras miscere dextras,
Et viri paulò majores vultus intueri;
Gestit totis hausisse radiis
Filii simul & Paternæ cædis ultorem.
At Tu, GEORGI, sic nec cœlum ipsum
Nec vicinæ angustiores umbræ usquequaque arridebant,
Licèt in memoris CAROLI mente tutior superstis,
Et dum intra sacri pectoris penetrale requiescis,
Non poteris angustiori tumulo reponi.

Hen. Gostling, A. M. *Soc.* C. C. C.

TE, GEORGI, num fata vocant? nimis invida terris
Jussa Deûm nostris! fuit ah! quis charior Anglis?
Quis meruit majora? Tuâ, Dux optime, dextrâ est
Reddita libertas nobis: Tu murmura turbæ
Sedabas querulæ, & *divisas* Rege *Britannos*
(Quod solus poteras) *concordi pace ligabas*.
O patriæ præclustre jubar! caput infer Olympo
Emeri-

Emeritum bello, nimiùm, te sospite, felix
Visa Deis, nimiúmque potens Brittannica tellus.
Plebs plorat, non sola tamen, suspiria miscet
Plebeiis trabeata cohors, suspiria miscet
CAROLUS, humectans lacrymis regalibus urnam.
Anglorum communis amor! tibi tota sepulcrum est
Anglia, tota tibi tumulus, juvenésque senésque
Te linguâ, te corde gerunt, te pectore versant.

R. Blyth, Aul. Pemb. Soc.

In Obitum Illustrissimi Ducis GEORGII MONKE *in Cathedra defuncti.*

QUæ non in mediis stantem pessundare turmis,
Sternere nec lecto Te valuêre tuo,
Ad Cathedram tremebunda tuam curvantur, & orant
Vulneribus veniam fata locúmque suis.
Quæ stando subigis, poteras vicisse sedendo;
Consulis hoc, validi militis illud habes.
At, quod nos latuit, serò, Dux magne, docemur
Te, quia nolebas vivere, posse mori.

T. Goodlad; A. M. Sid. Coll. Soc.

SOlvimur in gemitus, lacrymas, suspiria, luctus
Solvimur haud frustrà Angli, cùm lugubria justa
Reginæ Matris, Ducis aspera threna sequuntur.

Nempe

THRENODIA.

Nempe hoc amisso, se orbatum utroque parente
Agnoscit CAROLUS, geminóq; accingitur ostro;
Illa dedit CAROLUM vitalem in luminis auram,
Hic profugum, & varios ignota per æquora Regem
Pertæsum errores, antiqua in sceptra renatum
Reddidit, & solio reducem firmavit avito.
Ergo ille in terris plenos emensus honores,
Hinc cœlum petit, atque illic cedente Boote
Excipiet currûs Carolini lætus habenas.
Tu tamen, O Heros, Custos fidissime Regni,
Perge tuos etiam in cœlo curare Britannos;
Perpetuâ Angliacas Arctoo è limite luce,
Et non casuro respecta sidere terras.

L. Topcliffe, L. B. *Gen. & Cai Coll.*

MUsa tot Augustis *Monachi* jam assueta triumphis
Credidit invictum non potuisse mori:
Nunc stupet, & queritur; *Monachi* quòd nomine digno
Nominis (heu!) Meritum perfida fata negent.
Scilicet ut quanquam Deus immortalis haberi
Solus erat dignus, tollere Morte velint.
Non te *Lambertus*, neque te Fanatica turba
Terruit, aut contrà tendere vi potuit.
Quin etiam veluti Boreâ crepitante virescit
—Laurus, victor Ovans ex Aquilone venis.
Scotia te felix, felixque Britannia cantat,
Téque patrem patriæ CAROLUS ipse vocat.

R. Sanderson, A. B. *Coll. D. J. Soc.*

Αἰάζω

Αἰάζω τμηθέντ' ἐριθηλέα ὄζον Ἄρηος,
Καὶ σταθερὸν θείης ἵρμα δικαιοσύνης.
Πρῶτον Ζεὺς χρύσειον ὅταν γένος ὤπασεν, ἦσαν
Ἥσυχοι, ἠδὲ καλῦ μῦνον ἔχοντο βροτοί,
Νόσφιν ἄτερ πολέμοιο· μόνον στονόεντα τετάρτῳ
Ὑσμίνης κρατερῆς ἔργα μέμηλε γένει.
Ποῖον δ' (Ἀγγλιακεῖς μέγα πῆμ') ὀλοφυρόμεθ' ἄνδρα;
Αὐτός τ' αἰχμητὴς, ἠδὲ δίκαιος ἔην.

QUalia funereæ sunt hæc solennia pompæ!
Quis tales unquam viderit exequias!
Undique tristitia est, cùm tota Britannia ploret,
Et salsæ multus defluat imber aquæ.
Damnum, si largo quis fletu perdat ocellos,
Quam tenue est! Oculis charior Ille fuit.

FIngere si liceat nobis solamina, dictis
Parce, haud injustâ morte peremptus eras;
Sed meritò occumbis: Tibi præmia digna rependit,
Et Deus ad sedes evocat æthereas.
Quid faceret tellus, cùm Se tibi debeat Ipse,
Quem nos terrestrem novimus esse Deum?

Jacobus Manfeild, A. B. Trin. Coll.

RErum certa salus nostrarum & gloria, GEORGI,
Sospite quo, faciles vidimus esse Deos.
Sive Caledoniis, recolam, cùm salvus ab oris
Huc aderas, numen dum properaret iter.

Sive

Sive juvat *Batavi* memorare novissima Belli,
Cùm *toties uno victor ab hoste* redis.
Indè, minor nostras metuit fortuna querelas,
Credita dum curæ sacra Corona tuæ.
Hinc, vacuâsse suas videantur fata pharetras,
Omnia dum temnens, irrita tela facis.
Fatorum invidiam cùm sic superaveris, ultrò
Fortiter ostendis, te quoque posse mori.

Johannes Jones, A. B. *Trin. Coll.*

Ὅσσοι ναιετάουσι Βρεταννίδος ἔνδοθι νήσου
Νῦν κόπτωσιν ὁμῶς στήθεα μυρόμενοι.
ΜΟΓΚΟΣ, ὃς ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναρίθμιος ἠδ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ,
Θῦεν ὃς ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ δορὶ, καὶ σοφίῃ,
Πᾶσι μάλ' Ἀγγλιάδῃσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἄλαστον
Κάλλιπεν, οὐλύμπου γαῖαν ἀμειψάμενος·
Ὃν πολλαῖς δοράτων, ξιφέων θ' ἑκατοντάσι πολλαῖς
Οὐ δύνατο βλάπτειν κυδιάνειρα μάχη,
Κοινὴ πᾶσι βροτοῖσιν ὅμως μιν ἀπώλεσε μοῖρα,
Ἣν φυγέειν πως οὔτ' ἀλκίμῳ ἀνδρὶ θέμις.
Ἐς μακάρων δ' ἀνέβη νῦν δώματα· ἡ δ' ἐπίσημος
Δόξα πάλαι θείων ἄγχι βέβηκε θρόνων.

J. Nailer, A. B. *Aul. Pemb.*

ROma salutares Divos per templa, per aras,
Soteras coluit Græcia vana suos:

Dux sacer at Moses, & clarus Josua Nuni,
Fortis & Othoniel; postea, magnus Ehud,
Hi salvatores populo celebrantur Hebræo,
Per quos Abramidûm gens sacra sospes erat.
Tantus Conservator erat Dux inclytus: atque
Nuniden, Jesu qui typus ipse, refert:
Qui populo longo errore atque tyrannide presso
Finibus Ægypti, cæco Arabúmque solo;
Virtus tanta suæ & Divina potentia dextræ,
Numen Is Isacidis auxiliare vehit,
Et fert ad terram promissam, pinguia frugum,
Immanes botros, dulcia mella, sata:
Vincit Idumæos mirâ virtute tyrannos,
Inque Amalec natos Numine plenus ovat.
Non aliter MONCUS; per quem Deus omnia vellet
Salva, instaurata; Hic Josua noster erat:
Exosúmque Deo pecus, effera turba rebellis
Sortem Amalec digno Hoc vindice, fata luit.

Nunidi nomen mutatum: id Numine factum.
Salvator Domini Josua; MONCUS idem.
MONCUS eras, aliud sed postea Nomen honoris
Illustris Dux à Rege mereris; habes.

Ad ripas, Jordane, tuas (sacrata fluenta
Jesu Baptismo) Josua prima capit
Auspicia offerre: CAROLUS dúmque appulit oris
Primus honestat Eum; Quo auspice atque duce
Jus regni repetit: Quem juxta Numen amavit
Et semper coluit, jam colet inque dies.
Divino eloquio, imperio imprimísque stupendo
Et Soli & Lunæ Josua sistit iter;

Claudi-

Claudicat ipſe dies coram Victore; Morantur
Gibeonitæis Lumina vincta modis:
Sed CAROLO Sole exorto tot lumina ſecum
Clara tulit, poterit longior eſſe dies?
Poſt longam noctem tamen, O Dux Phoſphore, tandem
Feciſti haud Solem ſtare, redire facis:
Nec verbo hoc factum, at per fidâ ſilentia: noſter
Sidereus fueras Nuncius, è Scotiâ.

Quanquam *Londini* metuebant mœnia, fato
Nè Jericontino, (quâ data porta) tubis
Ignotis ruerent: ſervavit mœnia & urbem;
Civica debetur multa Corona Duci.
Id cives nôrunt: ingens extremâque cura
His de, Paulinis ædibus atque ſacris.

Denique adorandi Soteris, Joſua, Jeſu,
Ipſe typus multo nomine certus erat;
Quem, noſtro laus magna Duci cluit, eſſe ſequutum:
Nunc typus is Chriſti, quique imitator, exit:
Æmulus æterni ſic Servatoris Iēſu
Cœleſtem Canaan Joſua noſter init;
Quâ Gideon, Sampſónque Duces, ævique virilis
Robora, jam claudunt cum Duce ſorte latus.
At Chriſti ad γένεσιν ſacri Ducis ἔξοδος; eheu
Sic Natalitium naſcitur in lacrymis;
Ad Jeſu Natale diem finivit: ut Orbis
Taxatur lacrymis Te moriente novis!

Timo. Puller, S. T. B. Coll. Jeſu Soc.

UT novus annus adest tristi auspice, Te Duce dempto!
Qui dare, Jane, soles pignora, Túne rapis?
It cælo sed *strena*, puto; & cœlestia regna
Dux nunc Legatus, gratus & hospes adit.
Dona ineunte anno Proceres dant aurea Regi
Cum bursa: Noster Dux sua solvit, obit:
Argenteó sque scyphos dat Rex ex more viciſſim,
Jam plenos lacrymis (Pocula sacra!) suis.
Nec stipe jam frueris, Cæsar, pro more viritim,
Ni populi lacrymis, Jano ineunte, suis;
O bifrons! simul & luctus & gaudia præbes:
Exis tristis, ità & mœstus inire velis?
Grandia sic junctus tessellat gaudia planctus,
Iris ut auratâ nube remittit aquas:
Fœnora tristitiæ fœcundo condere fisco
In mediis festis cogitur Aula suis.
Flevimus hoc festum juxta Par nobile Fratrum
Carolidas; memini, *Phœbus* uterque suis
Defecit maculis; Horum modò luximus almam
Reginam *Matrem*, Jamque *Patrem Patriæ*:
Namque *Patrem* Rex Ipse suum quem dicere vellet,
Plusquam *Patronum* Patria jure vocat.

Idem

TE non una domus, non gens Te defleat una,
Integra Regna pio funere justa dabunt:
Albion auratâ pallentem condere vultum
Veste studet, lacrymis Insula facta suis;
Grandes Mavortis Proceres nunc fortia tundunt
Pectora, Mortalis quos nova Cura premit:

Unani-

Unanimes feriunt gladiíſque micantibus æthram,
Quæ nunc atrato pulvere nigra dolet.
Martia quàm leſſu lugubri præfica plangit?
Non exauditæ triſtiùs uſque tubæ:
Hæc ſunt ſola tui Martis ſuſpiria, planctus,
Non alia ingentis ſigna doloris habent;
Qui ſolùm ut ſilices lacrymas effundere poſſunt,
Per liquidos ignes ergò dolere ſolent.
Thura placent Superis, per dîa palatia cœli
Cœleſtes acies, Angeliçæque tubæ;
Ferre, referre ſonos properántque augere triumphum,
Jámque ſui adventum concelebrare Ducis:
Si voti compos Dux eſſet, in agmine denſo
Clauſiſsétque diem Marte calente ſuum:
O quot mulctâſſet letho vis ultima dextræ?
Hunc impune putes tum potuiſſe mori?
Poſt miros vitæ caſus, immenſa trophæa,
Quum jam per gladium pace potitus erat,
In *cathedra* meruit ſedem quâ Fata quieſcant,
Sic toties Victor debuit ille mori!
Qui mortem toties in campo Martis aperto
Vidit, Is in lecto noluit occidere;
Nollet in extremis animam ſimulare jacentem,
Illa eſſet nimiùm mollis ad aſtra via:
In cathedra à qua olim fudiſſe Oracula belli
Notus erat, Marti ponere jura potens,
Augurium Cœlo indè capit, meritámque coronam:
Quâ cœlo vehitur, ſella, curulis erat:
In cathedra, fit ſtella cadens quaſi *Caſſiopeiâ*;
At *Plauſtra* excipiunt dum *Carolina* Ducem,
Rheda triumphalis nè in cœlo deſuit ipſo,
Reddat ut hunc Superis, congenitíſque Deis.

T. Puller, S.T.B. *C. Jeſu S.* *Carmen*

Musarum Cantabrigiensium

Carmen Triumphale.

GRæca *chelys* quondam septenis insita nervis
Pellæi juvenis miracula plurima lusit:
Tibia sic Romæ didicit resonare Trophæa
Cæsaris invicti: durum celebravit *Ulyssem*
Ingens *Mæonides* quoque Carmine duraturo:
Immensúsque suos Heroas *Pindarus*, omnes
Reddidit Indigetes: nulli *pietate* secundum
Æneam miris numerorum ambagibus olim
Fatidicæ *Mantûs* Vates celeberrimus effert.
Quis tua Gesta canet, Britonum *Dux Magne*, Decúsque
O & Præsidium! Quis tanta GEORGICA scribet?
Haud par unus erit, parva est ter trina *Sororum*
Juncta cohors, sed nec sat erunt tua dicere facta
Vel centum *Musæ*. -- Quisquis de gente *togata*
Clamet *ad Arma*, vibret calamum, properent *Veterani*
E castris, multâ *juvenum* stipante catervâ,
Quisque *cothurnati* carmen tentare *Maronis*.
Magnum magna decent, & non nisi *Copia* Vatum
Induperatoris Tanti *Vexilla* sequuntur.
Consilio mirè pollens fuit, impiger armis,
Imperio gravis, impavidus, patiénsque laboris,
Militibus charus, taciturnus, & hostibus ipsis
Dilectus Terror, tremuit *Leo Belgicus* Illum,
Non *Gallum*, Illius cantus fulmen tonitrúque.
Ille jugum imposuit *Scotiæ*, sempérque rebellem
In *Reges* sanctos, docuit parere popellum
Ipsi *Subjecto*; patrios revocatus in agros
Prædonum varias *nutu* compescuit iras,
(Qui debacchantes *Carolini* sanguinis hausto

Sacrilego,

Sacrilego, jam de Imperio dare mutua bella.)
Venit enim, *vidit* tantùm, & sine vulnere *vicit*.
Conscia gens fugit armorum strepitu tremebunda,
Victori insolito *campúmque urbémque* relinquens.
Et jam cui prætet *Regnum* nil defuit antè,
Hunc unum penès Imperium. -- At quid dicitur olim
Nulla fides pietásque viris qui castra sequuntur?
Præfuit (en!) CAROLI *castris fidissimus* Heros,
Qui nec *regnandi* causâ sibi *Jus violandum*
Censens, dignus erat *Carolo* submittere *fasces*
Imperii, *Solium* Patris, & *Diadema* redemptum.
Discite vos Gentes; nostri *admiranda* Poëtæ
Sed *credenda* canunt. -- stupeat vicinior orbis!
Hæc CAROLI *Servus* jactat miracula rerum:
Quid *Dominus faciet?* ---

F. Standish, S. T. B. *C. S. P. S.*

VIr bonus & justus, veri moderator, & æqui,
Qui non à medio tramite flexit iter;
Qui, licèt arma sequens, callet bene Palladis artes,
Inque vices Prudens, Belliger inque vices;
Qui tenet incoctum generoso Pectus honesto,
Martis & in castris se probat esse Pium;
Quem malè dilacerata suis civilibus armis
Statorem agnoscit Terra Britanna *Fovem*;
Qui CAROLUM in Patriam magnâ cum laude reduxit,
Nullóque Anglorum sanguine tinxit humum;
Qui tumidos docuit Batavos, quidnam Anglica possit
Virtus, cùm Tali sub Duce Bella gerit;

Et

Et tandem plenus Famæ, maturus & ævi,
Deposuit vitæ tædia longa suæ;
Scire cupit si quis, sciat, *Albemarlius* Ille est,
Carmine qui dignus Nobiliore fruì:
Sed quia non poterat tenuis dare vivere Musa;
Dignum laude mori, cùm dolet, illa negat.

T. Brinley, A. M. *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

IMmortale decus nostræ, Dux inclyte, gentis,
Te canimus, quoniam cantandi hæc otia nobis
Fecisti, & lassas animâsti in carmina Musas.
Mens tamen in dubio est, Virtutum ex mole Tuarum
Quas celebrare decet primùm, quas dicere versu
Incipiam; num bella canam, fusósque rebelles,
An CAROLUM dicam reducem salvósq; Britannos.
Hæc æterna Tuæ Laudis monumenta manebunt,
Quæ non ulla potest annorum abolere vetustas.
Tum pietas, & nota fides, prudentia summa
In pace, erga hostes animúsque in Marte benignus
Carmine digna forent, si possem carmine digno
Exprimere, aut aptis depingere cuncta figuris.
Laudibus at quoniam Tantis par buccina nulla
Evecti ad cœlos, pauca hæc in pulvere scribam.

Hic situs est Regni columen, Regis, Fideíque
Defensatoris fidus Defensor, & omnis
Perfidiæ vindex, dextrísque fidelibus alto
Summa Manus demissa polo, atq; rebellibus horror.

Gul. Seywell, Coll. S^ti Joh. Evang. Soc.

Ergóne

THRENODIA.

ERgóne ſic clades nobis, Libitina, recentes
Uſque paris? Noſtri vixdum funguntur ocelli
Planctibus heſternis, iterum quando ecce dolemus.
Da fontes, Natura, novos, nova flumina præbe:
Luctibus heu tantis impar Heliconius amnis.
Scilicet occubuit nullo Dux inclytus ævo
Æquandus, fortis, fauſtus, prudénſque, peritus,
Pervigil, invictus, niſi Letho, ſpéſque Britannûm,
Belgarum & terror: ſe alio non jactitet Anglus
Nomine: poſſe mori tua Geſta inſignia, MONKE,
Neſcia: quando ſuos CAROLUS remeavit ad Anglos,
Mirandi iſtius reditûs Tibi gloria ſoli
Debita, quæ Tibi ſemper erit poſt fata ſuperſtes,
Dux Magne, ad ſeros & perventura Nepotes.
Cætera quid memorem? Navalia prælia mitto:
Non neſcit mundus, quantum hinc ſuccrevit honoris:
Sic velis, ſic fauſtus equis; terráque maríque
Dividis amphibias curas, auguſtior atque
Latior eſt Virtus Tua quàm queat unum elementum
Complecti; ſolidúmque ſuper cadis Ipſe ſub undis?
Sic quem non ferá vis, non bellicus abſtulit enſis,
Obruit en Hydrops! Illi nil pharmaca proſunt:
Nil medicæ valuêre manus: Nil ſuccus & herba:
Eheu! quòd nullâ mors eſt medicabilis arte.

H. Atherton, M. B. Coll. Chriſti.

QUi tantos tulerat terráque maríque triumphos,
Subditus imperio eſt, Atropos, ille tuo.

Qui tria regna potens imis revocavit ab umbris,
Ipse per Elysium en ambulat umbra nemus.
Qui ver optatum CAROLO cum Sole reduxit,
Non autumnum ejus nunc Libitina fugit.
Quíque Chaos nostrum pepulit, tristésque ruinas,
Ossa ruinosis tradidit Ille rogis.
Tradidit; at nescit sua tradere gesta sepulcris;
Par sonat Illius Buccina, Fama, tuæ.
Occidit! Heliacè veluti tamen occidit astrum,
Immersus radiis occidit ille suis.

Guil. Sergeant, A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

In Clarissimum ALBEMARL. *Ducem*
3. *Non. Jan., obeuntem.*

SIccine, Jane, novum nostratibus invehis annum?
Sic premis infausto limina prima pede?
Quis nunc venturas non formidaverit horas,
Si labor est tantus tempora prima pati?
(Tempora prima quidem nostris inscripta Calendis,
Ultima sed vitæ tempora, MONCXX, Tuæ.)
Pace vigens, florens belloque Britannia, luge;
Occubuit pacis militiæque decus.
Ejes de tumulo lacrymas, qui non ità dudum
Languenti dederat gaudia tanta tibi:
Qui te restituit labentem, respice lapsum,
Quíque salus fuerat, sit tuus Ille dolor.
Defleat Antistes, Satrapa hunc & ploret ademptum,
Officium præstes vulgus & ipse tuum.

Qui-

Quilibet Ordo fuit viventi debitor, ergò
Defuncti tumulo quilibet Ordo litet.
Det quod quisque potest, frustrà tamen omnia dantur,
Respondent Tanto præmia nulla Viro.
Ergò vale, per Quem, Dux optime, cuncta valebant,
Quo sine cuncta essent nil valitura, vale.

Joan. Lytcott, Coll. Regal. Soc.

ALbion, occidimus! Nostræ jam gemma Coronæ,
Regis Amor, Britonúmq; decus, fidissima Regni
Spes cecidit, Patriæ periit Flos, Gloria mundi.
Jactet Peliden, Agamemnona Græcia jactet,
Roma Ducésque crepet magnos, duo fulmina belli
Mantua grandiloquo celebret Mavortia cantu;
MONCKIUS Europâ totâ cantabitur; Unus
Omnium Hic instar erat: Qualem non viderit usquam
Aut oculus *Phœbi*, bifrons aut Janus: in armis
Quis major tantúve audit? Quis tanta tropæa
Aut meruit, retulítve? Tuum, Neptune, Tridentem
Testamur, vestrum Triton Sceptrúmque bisulcum,
Aurato qualis mucrone armatus Orion,
Cùm nautas trepidare facit, cùm territat æquor;
Ense ferox talis medios delapsus in Hostes
MONCKIUS emicuit, vultu sic terruit Hostes.
Sicanium ad fontem tacito sub gurgite serpit
Nobilis Alpheus, gratósque immiscet amores:
Sic Heros Magnus tacito conamine Regnum,
Amplexu CAROLI vetito, suffulsit; & Ipsum
Albioni CAROLUM tandem, Mitrámq; facellis

Reddidit, & cunctis Pacem donavit: ut astra
Splendida, cùm coëunt, depromunt lucis honorem,
Omne penu Lucis, radiis nè gloria desit;
Inter Magnates sic non mentitus honores
Effulsit propriâ spectandus luce; reliquit,
Occiduæ interdum ut stellæ, non tramitis orbem
Infamem: repetens quam nunc Astræa Coronam
Sidere multiplici decoratam pollice nectit,
Sæ super aurato Virtus tulit axe Bootæ:
Tantæ mentis erat Patriæ inservire Saluti.

G. Wigmore, Coll. Regin.

OCcidit Angligenæ MONCÆUS gloria gentis,
Nostræque laus Britanniæ;
At meritis titulísque gravem matura senectus
Hunc patriæ suæ Patrem
Abstulit, utque olim Brutum sua Roma, parentem
Atrata deflet Albion.
Hujus nempe armis pacata rebellis Ierne,
Victúsque Scotus contumax:
Hunc Galli Batavíque truces metuêre cientem
Navium phalangas æreas,
Dum conjurati venêre ad classica venti,
Famulatus & maris Deus;
Tremuerunt, ruerúntque fugâ, Neptuniáque arva
Novis rubuerunt cædibus.
Quid verò tantis, Heros invicte, litabunt
Seri nepotes laudibus?

Te

THRENODIA.

Te divini olim celebrabunt carmine vates,
Utriusque CAROLI vindicem:
Quo Duce vel centum Patriæ cecidêre Tyranni,
Belluáque Regni multiceps.
Seditio tacuit, sapuit Fanatica turba,
Regíque didicit obsequi.
Interea antiquâ sub Religione Britanni
Sacris avitis gestiunt;
Canitiem priscam venerandáque jura resumunt,
Sub Rege dum florent pio.
At Te cùm pietas, jura, & cum Principe plebes
Terris ademptum lugeant,
Præsidióque orbata suo gemat Anglia, Regni
Virésque concussæ tremant;
Tu CAROLO *Marîque* & quos tulit Anglia *Divis*
Fruêris inter cœlites:
Multos terra dedit, multos dedit unda triumphos,
Alios Tibi cœlum dabit.

ANglia conservata Tuis & Hibernia telis,
Imperióque diu Scotia læta Tuo,
In similes laudes junctæ, MONCÆ, laborant,
Virtutes celebrant & tria regna Tuas.

Rich. Blackburne, T. Coll.

QUamvis fiere nefas te cœlo, MONCÆ, receptum,
Justior haud unquam causa doloris erat.

Flos

Flos ævi Martísque Decus, flagrúmque Profani,
Et gladius Gentis, Dux, clypeúsque tuæ.
Qui non Herculeos renuisti ferre labores
Pro Patria, vitam claudis, & astra petis.
At Tu, præ cunctis immansuetissima *Divis*,
Bella ita nobiscum cur Libitina geris?
Vicisti Ducis exuviis, I sæva, superbi:
Delicias nostri Regis, & Orbis habes.

Simon Sayon, Coll. Regal. Alum.

QUid mihi vobiscum, Musæ? quasi fama perennis
Fabellatrici posset ab arte dari!
Sic Magni Arthuri bene consuluistis honori,
Fingendo gestis sorte minora suis:
At, cui se debet Brittannia, nobilis Heros
Sincerâ longùm vivat in historiâ;
Nè, cùm posteritas tantæ miracula famæ
Audiat, hæc etiam ficta fuisse putet.

S. H. Coll. S. Joh.

QUi modò succensas Superûm placavimus iras,
Regalis oblatâ *Parentis* victimâ:
Ecce iterum instruimus nigræ solennia pompæ,
Sic Fata poscunt occidentis MONCHII:
Dii tantus reparent clades, tot funera, Regis
Non finienda protrahendo tempora.

Occi-

THRENODIA.

Occidit, Angliacis quo nil præstantius oris
Indulsit unquam Maximus rerum Parens;
Ille *Pater* sanctæ pacis, *Carolique* renati,
Tria qui potenti Regna servavit mana:
Is qui Lymphati fermenta audacis Zeli
Limatiori corde bene compescuit:
Reddere qui voluit, non usurpare, Coronam,
Rectum Tyranni præferens potentiæ:
Qui, quicquid struxit *Cromwellius* arte vel armis,
Studiis refecit maximè contrariis;
Quódque velit tanto contrarius ire Tyranno,
Encomiorum quis putet partem ultimam?
Ah! utinam interitu Tanti non tincta fuisset
Ingrata Magno Vindici Britannia.
Quid tamen Augustos Manes cœlóque propinquos,
Vanis moramur prosequentes lacrymis?
Qui potuit dare templa Deo, Regíque Coronam,
Non debuit donum accipere cœlo minus.

Tho. Nixon, T. Coll.

UNdique grassatur rabies Lymphatica mortis,
Et flos ille Ducum est vit nisi bulla tumens.
Enecat aspectu vel Aquarius ipse maligno,
Vulturis inque modum viscera rodit hydrops.
Navigat his in aquis cruculenti cymba Charonis,
Dura nimis talem surripiendo Ducem.
Huic tamen interea morienti gloria crescit,
Ut fiat Phœnix, veritus in cineres.

De

De Duce in CATHEDRA *Expirante.*

POst tot confectos tremebunda per arma labores,
MONCKIUS in Cathedra languida membra levat.
Sed deerant Tantæ quia sustentacula Famæ,
(Cujus Terram oneri succubuisse putes)
Impiger ad cœlum properat, sedésque beatas,
Magnificè ut post tot bella triumphet Honos.
Labitur è Cathedrâ jamjam moriturus, & indè
Absque solæcismo pronus ad Astra cadit.

Guil. Makernesse, Coll. Eman.

RUrsus mœsta tuas Academia funde querelas,
Indulgent lacrymis fata severa tuis.
Pangemus posthàc invito gaudia fato,
Nam luctus vix, quò progrediatur, habet.
Sin, quænam gemitûs sit causa, rogaveris, hospes,
Ingenui tardum munus amoris habe.
Servitio gentem duráque Tyrannide pressam
Hunc noscas, solum Hunc, asseruisse manu:
Per multos vaga Sceptra annos, pulsámque Coronam,
Hunc, solum Hunc, proprio restituisse loco.
Audistíne aliquem, tergo qui sustulit orbem?
Hic Ille est humeris qui tria regna tulit.
Alcidæ in monstris celebratur fama domandis:
Non minor Huic fuerat dissimilísve labor.
Purgavit multâ corruptum fæce Senatum:
Augeæ stabulum, quantulus iste labor?

Et

Et cùm nativo maduerunt templa cruore,
Buſirim domuit, teſtituítque Deos:
Hic, cùm ſeptenis tumuiſſet Belga ceraſtis,
Vicit Lernæi dira aconita lacûs.
Inter utrumque tamen ſolum hoc diſcrimen habetur,
Hic petiit flammis ſidera, & alter Aquis.

Carolus Fraſer, T. C.

TAndem Britannos qui diu torſit polos
Læto triumphans omine,
Confractus annis, & labaſcens viribus,
Succumbit Atlas ponderi;
Orbes reſidunt, priſtinóque tramite,
Fulcro cadente, deviant.
Olympus alto contremiſcit vertice,
Et vis Britanna concidit.
Sed nec Cometes ſymbolum irati Jovis
Puro coruſcans æthere,
Nec quaſſa tellus, aut mota montium juga
Grande hoc malum prædixerant;
Leve id, ruinam Terra ſi tantùm hanc gemit;
Ipſum ecce Cœlum condolet:
Æther &, acri qui modò rigeſcens gelu
Alto ſtupore torpuit,
Poſt fata, vitæ & diſſoluta ſtamina
Ducis *Georgî* nobilis,
Mœrore tandem maximo prænubilus
Largis liqueſcit imbribus.
At ut ruinis his opem citam ferat
(Vota ô ſecundent Cœlites!)

Par sustinendis orbibus Britannicis
Succedat alter Hercules.

Melbourne, Aul. Pemb.

ÆTernùm Veneres lepidæ, soccíque valete,
Quæque olet exhaustos Musa faceta cados.
Sola etenim posthàc edent suspiria Vates,
Et Natura gravi concinet ipsa choro.
Sic fatum fera fata premunt, sic funera funus;
Diráque adhuc tepidos excipit urna rogos.
Haud manes, Regina, tuos placaverat orbis,
Cùm nova non siccas opprimit unda genas.
Síccine qui Scoticas fregit, novus Hannibal, Alpes?
Sic *Batava* terror gentis inermis obit?
Num referet nullos facili de pace triumphos?
Sed bello indomitum Parca Togata premet?
Qui populi avertit, quin & tua, CAROLE, Fata,
Credere fas illum non potuisse mori,
Statorem Libitina tulit nisi fortè Latinum,
Et dedit intrepidas Marspiter ipse manus.

Turner Coll. Cb.

QUis leget hoc siccis oculis lacrymabile carmen,
Dum Tua mœremus, Dux illustrissime, Fata?
Quisnam adeò oblitus patriæ, regníque, Tuique,
Ut Ducis ad tumulum lacrymarum flumina sistat?

Tessellata

THRENODIA.

Teſſellata manent homines quàm gaudia luctu!
Dum *Torrintonii* canimus ſponſalia læti,
Plangimus en ſubitò triſtes Epicedia *Patrii*,
Heu! tantum meritò fatis licuiſſe dolemus;
Saltem illud nobis decus indulſiſſe fruendum
Debuerant ultrà Superi, nec jam pia vota
Spreviſſe, & motos mœſto de pectore planctus.
En! tandem invidiam Divorum puſtula penſat
Vulgari letho & repetito funere plebis;
Huic adeò poterant illuſtri parcere vitæ.
At Tibi non tumulos vani (Dux Magne) paramus;
Forſitan & crebri glacientur flumina luctûs,
Et lacrymis concreta exurgent marmora noſtris.

Joannes Ombler, A.M. C. C. C. Soc.

REginæ tacitò lacrymis & Funere functus,
En! tandem luctûs ad nova penſa vocor,
Nec minùs (*Henrettæ* manes ignoſcite ſacri)
GEORGIUS (heu!) lacrymas poſcit & Ipſe meas.
Nam ſi veſtra licet (Divi) componere facta,
Tu vitam CAROLO, Dux ſua ſceptra dedit.

Idem.

GEORGIUS MONKE *Dux de* Aumarle.

ANAGRAMMA:

Regem ego reduxi An° Sa. MDCLVV.

Præclarus quantam nobis tulit iſte ſalutem
Annus, quo Tu fis Dux, Carolúſque *Redux!*

CÆſaris Auguſtos Vates cantare triumphos
Deſinat Aonius, vel quas victricia gentes

Æmathii Regis ſtraviſſe audivimus arma:
Non eſt, quòd ſteriles Libyæ peragremus arenas,
Aut Nili viſamus aquas, Geticóſve receſſus:
Non eſt, quòd victos Parthos, domitóſve Suëvos
Cantemus: Cùm larga ſatis (ſeu fulmina Martis
Dicere, ſeu libeat Pacis ſcrutarier artes
Ignotas) Patrii dent argumenta Penates,
Cúmque domi æterno peragantur carmine digna.
Noſtra etenim nullum produxit degener ætas
MONK Æ vel Marte parem, vel pace priorem.
Fixa Caledoniis victricia caſtra pruinis,
Cæſorúmque addens cumulos glacialis Ierne,
Quantus erat, quanta ac Illi vis bellica, teſtes.
Anglia quòd vigeat, CAROLO quòd Sceptra paterna
Reddita, vicinum quòd læta Britannia Belgam
Deſpiciat, ſolus Dux eſt *Aumarlius* Author.
Inclyta cui totum ſpargatur Fama per orbem
Nunquam digna mori, nomenq; GROTIUS Anglis
Sit Divos inter renovato jure Penates.

Guil. Lewis, A. M. Coll. Jeſu Soc.

JAm ſtat Pompeius quaſi Magni nominis umbra,
Et Cæſar meritò, Te Duce, nullus erit;
Orbis concutitur tantùm hoc ſub pondere, ſed Te
Alterius mundi ſentiet axis onus.

Regi & Diis charus cecidit Dux noſter, & uno
Vulnere jam *Lachesis* læſit utrumque Jovem,
Nè poſſet Superûm fulmen meruiſſe ſecundum,
Fœmina diviſum cum Jove numen habet.

Ferrea

THRENODIA.

Ferrea belligeri cùm claufit limina Jani,
Et quicquid dignum fulmine, ſtravit humi,
Præteritos cum laude dies numeravit, & annos,
Nec jam poſt fatum gloria ſera venit;
MONCKIUS in ſella volitat ſuper aſtra curuli,
Ut fiat CAROLO Conſul ubique ſuo.

Guil. Baldwin, A.M. *T.C.S.*

QUid miſeros urgent repetito vulnere Parcæ?
Quid luctus renovant ingeminántque novos?
Diris unde manus fatis tam certa nocendi?
Quónam uſque hæc ſeries continuata mali?
Non ſatis ut ſpolient Anglos virtute *Mariæ*,
Ni prorſus Regni Robur, & arma ruant?
At quid ego crebris pergo indulgere querelis,
Et miſer iratis imputo fata Deis?
Eſt, ubi in aëriis *Cromwellia* turba vehiclis
Errantes, vitâ facta priore luunt:
Illic attonitos crudelis conſcia culpæ
Mens habet, & ſurdo verbere ſæva ferit:
Huc ubi pervenit *Mariæ* ſpiritus Almæ,
Debita virtuti Regna ſuperna petens.
Stant contrà ſtatíque jubent: Reverentia nulla eſt,
Sed ſolitus reſtat nunc feritatis amor:
Illa impar numero, fidíque ſatellitis orba,
Quid facerent miſeræ turba moleſta, rogat:
Omnes conveniunt hilares, iterúmque Tribunal
Sanguineum Judex ſcandit iniquus ovans,

Exoſus

Exosus Reges tremulæ scelus omne minatur,
Et quæ perpessus cúnque Maritus erat.
GEORGIUS hoc vidit, dedignatúsque videre,
Protinus aërias gestit adire domos;
Nobilis irâ animus fervens, ergastula parvi,
Non malè festinus, corporis arcta fugit;
Currit in auxilium velox: Manésque ruinâ,
Quàm quondam vivos, non leviore quatit:
Ac veluti *Phœbus* coëuntes lumine nubes,
Sævos nudato strenuus ense fugat:
Hoc Duce carpit iter Regina: En! Janua cœli
Panditur; Angelico stat comitata choro.
GEORGIUS Heroûm socius, nec segnior umbra,
Cœlestis lustrat limina sacra domûs:
Mirantur Superi: Venienti cedit *Apollo*,
Gestit & illustri Mars minor ire Duce.

At Tu deliciæ nostræ, Celsissime *Princeps*,
Imperii quamvis magna columna cadat;
Da veniam, ut Tanto sit tuta Satellite Mater;
Non potuit causâ nobiliore mori.

Jo. Lord, A. B. *Coll. Jes.*

In Serpentem à Sancto GEORGIO *devictum.*

CAppadocis frustrà memorantur facta GEORGI;
Fama Duci nostro convenit illa magis.

Hæresis

THRENODIA.

Hæresis est Serpens, captiva Ecclesia Virgo,
Quam scopulo affixam liberat ense suo.

Christoph. Hatton, Commens. Coll. Jesu,
Equitis Aurati Filius.

JAm pergas fatum, frustrà est majora minari,
Sat sensit vires Terra Britanna tuas.
Jam via lata patet; Decus & Tutamen in armis
Occidit; & quam det miles inermis opem?
Marte Tuo Batavos, Dux inclyte, vicimus acres,
Quódque magis mirum est, æquore pugna fuit.
Vicisti Scotos, supra omnia, & Albion ensi
Bellica gens *velum* subdidit ipsa Tuo.
Proh dolor, at tandem lasso, gravidóque triumphis
Pulvinar capiti dat Libitina Tuo.
Splendidus astrorum obstupuit chorus omnis ab alto,
Sidus in occasum dum Boreale ruit.
Te velut amissum cur ploret nostra, GEORGI,
Anglia? cur mœstas defluat in lacrymas?
Quem gemit extinctum, vivit jam duplice vitâ;
Laus Ejus terras occupat, Ille polum.

Jac. Clerke, Coll. Regal. Soc.

VIcisti, meruisti, & regna minora dedisti;
Jam Tibi, Te potuit qui dare digna, dedit.

E. Bathurst, Coll. Trin.

Carmen

Carmen Lapidarium.

ATtende, quisquis es, Viator,
Hîc jacent cineres Numinis Tutelaris
Orbis Britannici,
Cujus impetum sustinere
Nè tota quidem ausa est
Fanaticorum rebellis manus.
Ad cujus obitum ipsa expalluit Victoria,
Utpote probè conscia, Illo mortuo,
Non adeò liquidos se habitura Triumphos;
Cujus prudentiâ *Conventiculi* tyrannici
Artes elusæ sunt:
Cujus Generosum pectus
(Cùm rerum summis potiebatur)
Non imperii illecebræ, non Coronæ splendor,
Unà cum trium regnorum tergeminis honoribus
A fide Regi debitâ
Dimovere poterant.
En egregiam virtutis Hyberbolen!
Nè quidem regnandi causâ jus
Violandum censuit:
En divinioris prærogativæ participem!
Quippe per Quem Reges regnant, Principésque
Anglicani justitiam decernent
In omne ævum.
En Numinis Archetypum,
Cujus virtute resurrectionem vidimus
Regiminis Monarchici:

Sanctus

THRENODIA.

Sanctus Georgius, Hercules Anglicanus
Hydram Fanaticam,
Belluam multorum capitum
Interfecit, obtruncavit.
En ſummum Gloriæ militaris apicem!
Devictis terrâ marique hoſtibus,
Nè otio langueſceret,
Novum inſtituit iter ad cœlos,
Quos ſacrâ aggreditur violentiâ,
Et more expugnat ſuo:
Ubi inter omnes retrolapſi ſeculi Heroas
Æternos agit Triumphos.

Carminis ſoluti Apologeticum.

FOrma meos neglecta decet (Dux Magne) dolores,
Agnoſcit nullos Nænia noſtra modos.
Intumuit flumen, toto ſpatiatur in agro:
Cùm nôrunt ſuetas flumina parva vias.
Veſtibus incedit laceris, & crine ſoluto
Præfica, diſſimile eſt luctibus artis opus.
Tranſiit Herculeas cùm illuſtris Fama columnas,
Nec fixa eſt Geſtis ultima terra Tuis:
Æſtuat infelix angusto limite Muſa,
Compedibus metri dum jacet implicita.
Dum querulas fundit voces nullo ordine Muſa,
Præ damno facta eſt Enthea, mentis inops.

Joſephus Carr, Coll. Div. Joan. Cantabrigiæ Commenſal.

Arma Virumq; tenet, quam conspicis urna, Viator,
Restituit justâ qui tria regna morâ.
Quem rabies tardum, vocat Hunc sapientia cautum,
Nam lento incedunt corpora magna gradu.
Tanta ruina jubet veterem renovare dolorem,
Vivere nunc vero nomine (crede) mori est.
Funera tot nobis Tua sunt monumenta relictis,
Subduntur bustis nostra sepulcra Tuis.
Quum prior orsus eras gentem formare superbam,
Intonuit lævùm Juppiter acta probans:
Attoniti hæserunt, tacti quasi fulminis ictu,
Quotquot polluti sanguine Regis erant.
Exulat en pietas, clamant, virtúsque, fidésque
Nobiscum fugiunt: vos gravis ira manet.
Cuíque Deum sermone colunt, sed pectore temnunt,
Senserunt longas nil valuisse preces.
Pulpità, falsorum velut olim orac'la Deorum,
Fraudibus acta piis, Te veniente, silent.
Ut vires metuêre Tuas Polus alter, & alter?
Ut cecidit miseris conscia turba modis?
Illud grande Tuum (taceo nunc cætera) Nomen
Terribile est cunctis gente vel arte Scotis.
Agmina profligat quoscunque inimica tenebant,
Militiæ Batavos, Schismaticósque domi.
Nulla salus bello, non portubus otia clausis,
Quum MONACHUS medias classe secabat aquas.
Corde magis, toto divisis orbe Britannis,
Quàm pelago, pacem vis Tua fida dedit.
Nec voluit longum Regni caput esse Senatum,
(Trojani forsan Cauda vocentur equi)
Sed gladii vinctos, & mentis acumine duxit,
Ut mala, quæ meruit crimine, quisque ferat.

Qui

Qui ſe pro Dominis, habuit pro ſuribus illos,
Ut quibus eſt meritum, ſit quoque finis, idem.
Fortior es meliórne, ſit id ſub judice, certum
Hoc unum eſt, nemo fortior, aut melior.
Qualia damna facit gens Te moriente! —ſed ipſe
Conſultò lacrymis parco, nec erro, meis.
Flent, qui pauca dolent; *Eſt quadam flere voluptas*,
Nè minùs ipſe *gemam*, ſit mihi *flere* nefas.

Arth. Orchard, Coll. Div. Joh. Soc.

ERgò ſollicitant alios nova funera luctus?
Et geminant ictus invida fata ſuos?
At nos credidimus *Mariæ* poſt funera, vires
Conſumpſiſſe omnes fata vel ipſa ſuas.
Credidimus miſeri; ſed nec ſatìs una ruina eſt;
Vel primâ gravior plaga ſecunda venit.
Una Ducem nobis rapuit Sors, una *Mariam*;
Illa ſuos luctus attulit; Ille ſuos.
Dicite nunc utrùm *numero Deus impare gaudet*;
Cùm neque, ſi veniat Sola, *Maria* placet.
At vos lethales, quibus obrutus occidit, undæ,
Quæ poſſit tantum lympha piare ſcelus?
Sit jam luctus hydrops, cauſámque imitante dolore
Flete oculi; atque undas expiet unda ſuas:
Funere communi quondam totum obruit orbem
Unda; tamen majus nunc fuit auſa nefas.
Ergò fatale eſt: ſemper cadit æquore *Phœbus*;
Occidit in propriis Sol quoque Noſter aquis.

Jámque vale dicto, vultúque animóque sereno,
Edidit hos moriens, ultima verba, sonos.
En! post innumeros terráque marique triumphos,
Terra suum Dominum Me vocat, unda suum.
Infernos vici Reges, cùm nuper ab orco,
Et redii Stygiis, Herculis instar, aquis.
Quando igitur terræque, undæque, ac Tartara, regna
Imperiis parent inferiora meis;
Astra manent adeunda Mihi; Me sidera poscunt,
Aucta modò adventu, *Diva Maria*, Tuo.
Ergò triumphali vectus super æthera curru,
Ad cœlos venio, *Diva Maria*, Tuos.
Pluto Stygi, ponto Neptunus, Juppiter astris,
Imperiis præsunt Numina terna tribus:
Sed quantò major fuit unus MONCHIUS, unus
Regnorum tulerat qui tria Sceptra trium?

Humfr. Newbery, Coll. Regal. Soc.

JAnus qui elapsum ac præsentem conspicit annum,
Causam, cur vultu ploret utroque, videt:
Hâc Regis *Matrem* sublatam luce, sed Illâ,
Quem Reducis placuit dicere, fronte, *Patrem*;
Cujus cùm vellet luctum persolvere pompæ,
Lætitiæ jussit, quam dedit, esse parem.
Sic, ah! Lethæis moriens illabitur undis?
Tandem infida Ducem dant elementa neci?
Qui siccus toties emerserat æquoris undis,
Hydropis tandem naufragus amne perit?

Immo,

Immo, cutis tumuit venturi conſcia Fati;
Vena labaſcenti præfica quæque fuit.
Exundans lacrymis pullata Britannia triſte
Diluvium, pariter, Dux, Tua Fata, timet.
Quiſque ſagum ſumat lateri, pereunte Gradivo,
Horridior ſolito jam quoque miles eat.
Iratus ſtimulante Noto det ſibila ſerpens,
Jam lacrymis ſurdùm tympana mœſta ſonent.
Et donec ſurgat, bene parcas, buccina, voci,
Turmas nunc ſegnes haud animare vales.
Tu, Rex Magne, Ducem ſic grato munere vince,
Hunc te cùm regno reſtituiſſe ferant;
Aſt Illum, proprio decores dum funera ſumptu,
Officiis tantis inclyte, redde polo.

Epitaphium.

OCcidit hîc jubaris *Carolini* Phoſphorus, Aulæ
Splendor, Militiæ gloria, Pacis honos,
Belli fulmen, amor Patriæ, Virtutis alumnus,
Cleri fulcimen, Relligionis apex.

Edv. Goodall, Coll. Regal. Soc.

Quas

QUas Tibi devoti cives pro Rege renato,
Summe Ducum, grates? quæ pia justa dabunt?
Queis licuit per Te CAROLO dixisse salutem,
Hi Tibi sustineant dicere triste vale?
Dignus eras post tot pelagi bellíque tumultus,
Ut caperent finem vitáque lausque parem.
Pugnâsti, Dux Magne, domi, &, Te milite, nostras
Senserunt Batavi prævaluisse manus.
Quàm malè respondent atræ solennia pompæ
Victori, ad funus purpuráque apta Tuum.
O si Victor adhuc! nec laurum mœsta cupressus
Vinceret, aut premeret palmam inimica dies!
Talis es, in cineres quem tam gravis intulit hora,
Qui *Tua*, dum moreris, *Publica* busta facis.
Sic Patriæ vixisse juvet, cùm funus & umbram
Plorat, & emeritum Patria tota Ducem.
Sit licèt ambiguum quis plus Tibi debeat uni,
CAROLUS aut populus, certus utrique dolor.
Fila tamen vitæ cur Fata fine ense recidunt?
Ad laudes faciet mors quoque ficta Tuas;
Cúmque Duces Ducibus, Tibi non hæc ultima laus est
Nullius in terris occubuisse manu.
Palma Triumphales si parvula vendicat arcus,
Victorem minimum si monumenta manent,
Quas Tibi Pyramidas condemus, vindice ferro
Servili solvis Qui tria Regna jugo.

In

THRENODIA.

In Obitum Ducis non diu post mortem Reginæ Matris in Gallia.

USque adeo Gallæ est imitatrix Anglia gentis?
Cognato pereunt Duxque Parénsque rogo?
Sumit, ut hinc habitus, nova Fata Britannia? vestes
Pullatæ, metuo, & funera, moris erunt.

Fa. Linfield, Trin. Coll.

FLamma super *Londinum* assultibus ardua venit,
Regnans pérq; hominum culmina, pérq; Deûm.
Stella malo præerat: cœlo ægrotante coorta est,
Quæ tantam aggessit stragem, inimica lues.
Nunc cùm pullati sequimur Tua funera MONCKI,
Barbam alere in tantis luctibus astra decet.
En Bellator equus singultibus ilia longis
Tenditur, & lacrymis grandibus ora madet:
Progreditur mœstus, versísque exercitus armis,
Exequias magni quos Ducis ire putes.
Quantum, Summe Pater, quantúmque Britannia perdis
Præsidium! & quantas terra recondit opes!
Huic vigor, atque animus magnos accinctus in usus,
Multáque pro Domino Cæsare cura vigil:
Primus apex bellorum, & nulli proxima cassis,
Seu pedes, acrem seu presserit altus equum.
Nec toties lassata habuit Fortuna regressum,
Sed, quod non allo sub Duce, fida fuit.

Juverna

Juverna exululans patriâ caput abdidit ulvâ,
Ille ut concussit, turbinis instar, agros:
Sic cùm tempestas cœlo ruit agmen aquarum,
Assolet in putri Rana palude queri.
Arctoas, Scoto cupiente, accepit habenas;
Nominis hoc aliis sàtque supérque foret:
Actum Illi nihil est, frangat nisi milite portas,
Et possit latam Regi aperire viam.
Famâ Ingens! cui Rex solium proavitáque Regna,
Cui Regem acceptum terra Britanna refert:
Haud solùm terra, in manibus pars altera rerum est,
Dum fœtis bello navibus æquor arat.
Bis ferro Batavos sequitur, flammáque carinas,
Fulmineis terebrans pinea claustra globis.
Tantum de nobis meruit licèt, omnia necdum
Solvuntur; Patriæ vivere debuerat.
Bellatori animo tu pax ingloria letho es;
Languenti inflâssent vitam animámque tubæ:
Ceu tinnitus apes, asperrima corda, reducit;
Defunctum poterant æra ciere virum.
At, quo apibus motus animorum, & prælia, jactu
Pulveris exigui MONCKIUS ipse jacet.

L. Welsted, Trin. Coll.

INnumeris *Monachis* quævis scatet insula, tantùm
Unus erat nobis, & satis unus erat,
Dum vixit satis unus erat; verùm hoc dolet, Illo
Dempto, nos *Monachos* non habuisse duos.

In

THRENODIA.

In DUCEM *post altas Nives extemplò morientem.*

UNda gelu nuper nimiùm constricta rigebat,
Et nivibus tellus undique tecta fuit.
Te vultum extincto mutat natura priorem,
In lacrymásque abiens ad Tua busta ruit.
Temnit terra nives, defuncto Principe Tanto,
Tam nitidè ornari judicat esse nefas:
Et Tua nè non sat fleat Anglia funera, Olympus
Ipse suis pluviis officiosus adest.
En! quàm charus eras Terris! quàm charus & Astris!
Quem sic amissum mundus uterque dolet.

T. Lynford, Coll. Chr.

PRosequimur planctu Heroëm, qui Numine fausto,
Mendax quæ finxit Græcia, facta dedit.
Herculeâ, cujus gladio, non mitior hydra,
Multorum capitum bellua, victa jacet.
Evasit, *Perseu*, Te vindice, salva, tremendo
Andromede monstro præda parata maris.
Perseus, *Hic*, Noster: gens illa Britannica virgo est:
Nympha nec in Pelagi pulchrior ulla sinu:
Hæc Duce sub nostro fauces elusit hiantis,
Sanguine quæ Regis nec satiata, feræ,
Virgineáque fide pollens Ecclesia, quòd sit,
Hujus ab auspiciis, quódque refulget, habet.

Omnia, cunctando minimùm, sed cuncta tegendo,
Restituit, *Fabio* nè minor indè foret.
Nempè dedit reducem nobis, sub Numine, Regem:
Quo jam majus habent vota precésque nihil.
Quin siccos (mirúmne magìs pulchrúmne!) triumphos
Sanguine non gladium commaculante, tulit.
Nec titulum invideat, cui Rex non invidet, ullus,
Civis dum Patriæ dicitur esse Pater.
Æmulus Herois Sancti sit, monstra domando,
Cujus gaudebat nomine, laude nitet:
Ætas ut meritò dubitârit postera, Divus
An Tutelaris, noster, an alter erat.

Ol. Dolley, Coll. Regal. Soc.

QUisquámne hæc tantùm vulgari funera fletu
Excipit? aut siccis pompam comitatur ocellis?
Exundent lacrymæ; miseris vix sufficit humor
Libandus cineri tanto: mihi carmina fletus
Expressit, lacrymæque pios, corpore relicto,
Extorquere valent, præsensque dolentia versus.
Quòd si magnorum fuerit seges ampla virorum,
Defunctóve parem si fortè reponeret urna;
Sive aliquis, quum paulatim defecerit Atlas,
Sustentare polos (nutantia pondera rerum)
Auderétque humeris ruituro occurrere cœlo;
Spes poterat superesse malis, damnóque superstes
Auxilium nostras iterum sarcire ruinas,
Assyrius qualis redivivo funere Phœnix,
Natales ubi tristis rogos implevit aroma,

Ipsi

Ipsâ morte ferax, proprióque cruore rigatus
Exsilit è flammis, gaudétque superstite fato.
Ludimur heu! frustrà, perituráque vota movemus
Attoniti; nullis unquam reparanda querelis
Funera, nec vanos fingit Fortuna timores.
Quanta Tuis meritis debetur gloria, quanta
Virtutis momenta tuis crevêre sub annis!
Te vixdum Juvenem levibus victoria pennis
Sustulit, & famæ dederat præsaga futuræ
Prima rudimenta, & teneros exercuit annos.
Non hunc deliciæ molles fregêre, laboris
Impatiens luxus, demptæ nec crimine vires.
Non timor exsanguis pallentis conscia culpæ
Pectora laxavit, nec pigro crapula morbo
Interrupit opus, cœptis dum sedulus instat.
Quid memorem strages, quas perfida senserit Iernè?
Sive Caledonios, quos Hic eluserit, æstus?
Bis domitos Belgas taceo, dibaphiumque cruore
Oceanum, atque animos ipsa cum classe fugatos.
Quid fremis incæsùm Leo Belgice? parce triumphis,
Parce minis. Hujus jam cognita tempora lauros
Ambitiosa petit, non unquam ignara repulsæ.
Nec vinci nimiùm doleas, sub Numine Tanto
Quòd pereas, gaudere decet, victórque pudorem
Imminuit, fatóque cadens majore resurgis.
Hector adest, secúmque Deos in prælia ducit,
Cui pietas vexilla levat, clypeíque refulget
Relligio, gladióque regit, comitatur euntem
Virtutum veneranda cohors; Prudentia comis,
Intemerata Fides, placidóque Modestia vultu
Incedunt. Nunquam tristis Bellona fugavit
Justitiam, in mediis pietatem exercuit armis.

Hic status, hi mores, hic nobilis ardor honesti;
Quem neque destiterat studiis Constantia pulchris
Fulcire, & lentas dederat Patientia vires.
Hic Ille inprimis, cui Dii matura secundi
Consilia, atque animo rerum momenta reponunt.
Viderat oppressos cives, legésque refixas
Arbitrio Plebis, movit quam dira Tyrannis;
Et rabies malesana, atque insscia pectora justi.
Viderat (& lacrymis paulùm compresserat iram)
Proscriptum Regem, & proceres, ipsósque nocendi
Artifices pompâ insigni contemnere jura,
Et quicquid sacrum est pedibus calcare profanis:
Hoc mihi tempus, ait, jamjam properemus, & unà
Pugnemus ducibus Divis, cœlóque favente.
Hic Ille est, nobis CAROLUM qui reddidit, Ipsi
Sceptra dedit CAROLO, satius cui regna dedisse
Quàm regnâsse fuit; cui sordet crimine parta
Gloria, & indignos qui audet spreviſse triumphos.
Privatæ non sunt in tanto funere curæ:
Hunc Patriæ communis amor, Patriæque Parentis
Prosequitur mœrens: quantum est à Principe Tanto
Plorari! hæc lacrymis maduerunt marmora veris,
Nec *Tamesis* tantùm parcas accommodat undas,
Sed *Rhenus*, *Scaldísque*, citis & *Mosa* fluentis.
Huic olim infensi, placidâ jam mente Batavi,
Immortalem adeò factis, famáque perennem
Mirantur potuisse mori.---

Sed quid ego has amens nequicquam fundo querelas?
Vidimus antè hujus languentis stamina vitæ,
Quum tremulus pendebat amor, majoráq; veris
Fingebat timor, & vana sub imagine ludens.

Seu

Seu vidiſſe juvat quantis hæc funera conſtent
Luctibus, immenſóque parent nos antè dolori:
Seu rigidæ oſtendunt longo certamine Parcæ
Vix tandem potuiſſe capi. Cadit Ille triumphus
Ætheris, atque labor: Qualis ſtat montibus ornus
Fixa diu, ridens vacui ſuſpiria venti;
Aëreum quatit illa caput, condítque ſuperba
Nubibus; hanc quum fortè tamen manus invida tentat
Securam, aut ſævâ aggreditur violare bipenni,
Innumeros quamvis validè duravit ad ictus
Sublimes concuſsa comas, tandem illa ſupremùm
Ingemit, antiquæ cadit & mox gloria ſylvæ.

Fran. Bridge, A. M. *Trin. Coll. Soc.*

LUctibus, & largo celebres jam funera fletu,
Melpomene, lacrymíſq; oculi ceu flumine manent:
Interea at taceas, elegos nec garrula tentes,
Non levibus calamis, duri ſed cuſpide ferri
Digna magis ſcribi, quæ Dux diſcrimina paſſus,
Ardua tot geſſit cùm prælia: Talia fari
Non poterunt tenui deducta Poëmata filo.

Florentis ramum ſi Pax oſtentet Olivæ,
Grata quidem Regnis, doctis pergrata Camœnis,
Conſilio Illius prudente Britannia floret,
Mulcetúrq; domi rabies maleſana Popelli.
Inteſta Anglorum paci Gens extera bellum
Si tentet, ſævâſque acies in prælia cogat;
Acrior ad pugnam redit Ille, reſuſcitat ira.

Vires,

Vires, & lauri victricia tempora cingunt.
Sic hoſtem dum Marte premit, regit arte Senatum,
Lauro ejus multum, multum debemus Olivæ,
Quæ Anglos, *Regalem Iberos* mediámq; tuentur.
Ergò etiam, vivens vinci qui neſcius armis,
Et morbo & letho timidè ſuccumbere neſcit;
Tetrica fata inſtant; fatis nec territus Ille,
Nec mortem metuit, ſed amicis excipit ulnis:
Quémque datis (dixit) mihi, Vos, ô Numina, preſſo
In cœlos aditum, in terris fat magna peregi.

Occidit (heu) nigris CAROLINUS Phoſphorus umbris,
Præſidium Regis, Procerûm, Populíque voluptas,
GEORGIUS en Alter, nulli tamen Ipſe ſecundus.
Qui, cùm Belgarum ferrúmque, ignémque, ratéſque
Suſtinuit toties, toties maris ire per undas
Auſus, & impavidus denſis obſiſtere turmis,
Atque Anglos penitùs ſudit ſtraviſque rebelles,
Ignava imbellis non ſuſtinet otia vitæ,
Pace ſed occumbit, non expugnabilis armis.

R. Manlove, A. M. Magd. Coll. Cæ.

NOndum depoſuit pullatas Anglia Veſtes,
Funera Reginæ jam vix eluximus, atros
Cùm, Libitina, jubes iterum renovare dolores.
Turbidus ergò Helicon lacrymarum flumine ſemper
Manabit? ſcribéneque æterna Epiceſia Muſæ?
Heu! jacet Occiduus noſtro jam Phoſphorus orbi,
Qui Solem Angliacum dextrâ victrice reduxit,

Reſtituíque

Restituítque Throno, sphæráque locavit avitâ.
Opprimet hæc Clades te totam, Europa, ruinis
Indoleat Gens quæque gemens nostríque, suísque,
Non, MONKÆI, tuis. Tibi Adorea fumat opima,
Pellæíque Ducis quæ Cæsareósque triumphos
Exsuperet, famæ mentitâ voce tumentes.
Non Tibi quadrupedis, GEORGI, picta ora Draconis
Ornabunt tumulum, sed centum pressa Tyrannûm
Cauda furens, celso Eclipsin tractura Monarchæ.
Nos dubitamus adhuc, an plus Tibi debeat Uni
CAROLUS, an Populus. Regimen sub pondere nutans,
Fluctibus Euripi & concussa hæc insula, Delos
Jam facta horrendo *Cromwelli* mobilis æstu,
Ad Te Magnetem Patris conversa potentem
Fixa Polo stabat, placidæque potita quietis.
Qualis Atlas vastum circumplectentibus Orbem
Fert humeris, tria sic sulfisti, Maxime, Regna.
Hæc, Te (proh dolor!) erepto, labefacta redirent
In *Chaos* antiquum, nisi CAROLUS ipse superstes
Herculeis nostrum sulciret viribus Axem.
Sed Ducis atratam sequimur dum fletibus urnam,
Ecce albis iterum radiis splendescit Horizon,
Plaustráque conspicias picti per inania Cœli,
Nuper ut in Terris, & adhuc Carolina sequentem.

Ro. Crosford, Coll. Gon. & Cai.

In Ducem, qui paulò post mortem Papæ *obiit.*

SÆva sibi innumeros cumulat Libitina Triumphos,
Ut Dea discupiens ambitiosa coli.

Sede-

Sede suâ Papam, tum nostrum Heroa *Cathedrâ*
Ejicit: id magnum, majus at istud opus.
Ut sibi soli esset Cœli Terræque potestas,
Claves Papæ aufert Mors, *gladiúmque* Duci.

F. Warly, A. C. S.

TErrita cùm sævis Academia abortiit armis,
Suppositâ in gremium barbara turba fuit:
O quàm Te memorem, assertor fortissime MONCKI!
Quàm Tua proscriptas hasta redemit opes!
Nulla duarum audita foret, nec visa Sororum,
His si dotales Mars rapuisset agros.
Fas igitur, cujus semper debebitur armis
Quòd sua non ploreut funera, flere Tua.

L. Welsted, Trin. Coll.

ERgóne sic nostræ voluerunt Numina gentis
Tam sævas refovere iras? Ergò insula rursus
Tam subitò in lacrymas luctu gemitúque liquescit?
Parcite vos Superi; Si fortè Britannia lætis
Non moderata animum rebus, renovare dolores
Cogemur miseri, repetitáque plangere fata?
Hei mihi, quòd scelera & noxas furiásque rebelles
Haud satis eluimus densatâ clade: Sed anni
Festa vocant, solitæque dapes, animósque voluptas
Sueta capit, Janíque redit nova pompa Calendis;

Cùm

Cùm Dux, imperio fortunæ major, ad aras
Victima, conturbat genios & gaudia luctu.
Nos miseri, qui hinc ad Superos Heroa receptum
Antea credidimus potuisse obsistere fatis,
Immitésque unum trinas superare Sorores.
Non tamen omnino terris mors atra valebit
Tollere, quas posuit virtus MONCEA, columnas;
Æternùm at florens decus, & per secula totum
Fama Ducis, Fato major, se sparget in orbem.

Joh. Bird, Trin. Coll.

Apotheosis Illustrissimi GEORGII *Ducis* ALBÆMARLÆ.

NObile depositum, Dux Invictissime, Cœli
Deseris indignas excusso pondere terras;
Et Cœlum repetis, cognatáque sidera lætus;
At neque sic tandem evades; Non effugis omnis,
Insequor ipse premens Animæ vestigia tantæ:
Ecce! Tui memorem pietas gratissima jussit
Ætheream reserare plagam, atque habitacula Divûm.
Aëreos extra tractus, atque ordine certo
Volventes Terras, densæque palatia Noctis
Est Regio solidâ atque immensâ luce nitescens,
Quæ pace æternâ fruitur cum sole perenni.
Huc rectà tendebat iter generosa Britanni
Herois mens nota polis, populóque Beato:
Quippe Senatores Genii, quibus Anglia curæ est,

Hîc loca pro meritis quique assignare ferentur,
Hîc templum posuisse suum, certúsque frequentes
Hîc agere, atque suæ tractare negotia Gentis.
Cùm tanti adventûs volitâsset fama per oras
Ætheris, & limen tetigisset MONCKIUS altum,
Surrexêre omnes, intentíque ora tenebant
In magnum Heröem, ——
Ex his & formâ & solio præstantior unus
Sic illum aggressus, Chare ô Commilito! dixit,
O socie! ô nostris gratissime sedibus Hospes!
Ille ego sum (nè te insoliti Reverentia vultûs
Terreat) ille ego sum quem grata Britannia vestra
Tutorem agnoscit Genium, celebrátque quotannis;
GEORGIUS appellor (tum protinus irruit arctos
In Magni Ducis amplexus, rapidísque levatis
Heröem manibus circumfluit ille recentem.)
Expectatus ades (sic tandem perfecit ors)
Quem dixêre suum supremus & infimus Orbis:
Angelus in terris Custos, interque Beatos
Non novus ascriptus Civis, tibi mille salutes,
Mille tibi lætus grates impertior, (inquit)
Et de confecto tibi gratulor Ipse Dracone:
Quem solum probitate piâ cataphractus, & usus
Moribus antiquis stravisti funditùs Ipse.
Hæc sibi constantis miracula plurima mentis,
Hoc dextræ sapientis opus numerosiùs omne
Exequar, ô liceat recolenti singula plenè
Dicere, & æquali Tua carmine facta referre:
Nempe reformando & ducendo in milite quanta,
Cauta, quieta, sagax, fortis prudentia fulget:
Quanta recusati generosa Modestia Regni
Privato oblati, dum Te movet unica totum

Charior injuſtis probitas Tibi mille Coronis;
Quanta Tibi patrii Reverentia juſta Senatûs?
Quanta animi tibi flamma, Suis ut deditus Hæres
Accedat Regnis, Sceptríſque fruatur avitis?
Hæc Tua ſunt, ingens mihi carminis Argumentum.
Dixerat, & tanquam meditatus grandia paulùm
Subſtitit, at ſubito & denſo clangore tubarum
Percuſſus ſiluit, pérque omnem exile Senatum
Exoritur murmur, reboántque palatia longè:
Nec mora, panduntur ſublimes undique portæ,
Tum longè latéque Animarum turma coruſcans,
Solenni gravitate, atque ordine ducta decoro
Ingreditur, complétque locum: turma exhibet illos,
Qui (gliſcente acie civili) habuêre beatum
Pro patriâ, pro Rege mori, qui poplite flexo,
Intenſáque manu Noſtro omnia fauſta precantur:
Illos non longè inſequitur gravis ordo Togatûm,
Qui ſtrictis calamis, denſóque volumine bellum
Moverunt, ſummáque animi patientiâ: at omnes
Avocat extemplò mentéſque oculóſque refulgens
Inſolitus nitor extremâ de parte Theatri;
Martyris agnoſco vultum, patriæque Parentem:
Carolus Ipſe fuit ſacrato hoc nomine Primus
Cum Conſorte pia; cui jam rediêre Venuſtas
Oris, & antiquus mentis Vigor: Optimus Heros
Ad primùm aſpectos devolvitur, omnia fauſta
Pronus & omnia læta precatus, & oſcula denſa
In genua, ínque manus venerans defigit; at illud
Nobile Par pronum attollunt, atque oſcula reddunt:
Tum Sanctus Martyr vultúque, animóque ſereno,
Amplexúſque Ducem, poſt ſacratiſſima, dixit,
Vota peracta Deo, Tibi Nos —— hæc prima Bonus

Consequitur tantus, toto plaudente Senatu,
Ut mentem reliquis haud possem advertere, & ô me
Oppressum penitùs tanti splendore Theatri!

Mich. Stanford, C. C. S.

MAgnanimum Herôem, & sêclis memorabile Nomen
Dicere jam mihi fert animus, stragémque potentûm,
Hoc Mavorte, datas. Age dic queis, Musa, triumphis
Arma virúmque canam, cœlo quem fata vocârunt
Emeritum cursu emenso, saturúmque dierum:
Scilicet hæc hominum sors est, hæc dura Potentes
Fata manent; sic magna ruunt, sic Numina rebus
Crescendi posuêre modum: Tibi terminus ævi
Hinc jam ritè datus, quando nil restitit ultrà,
Herculeas postquam famæ, Dux Magne, columnas
Contigeras; nam nec reliquo Tu clarior orbi,
Nec poteras vixisse tuis illustrior, Heros
Invicte, aut plures oculis lustrâsse triumphos.
Et tamen hoc tristem solabitur Anglia casum
Infelix, quòd Tu nullo superatus ab hoste
Occumbis; Batavorum acies, fera prælia Martis
In caput hoc potuêre nihil; sed ferreus ordo
Fatalisque dies tantâ jam morte triumphat.
Quid mihi Pellæum juvenem, quid Græcia mendax
Amphitryoniadem, geminos qui contudit angues?
Quid veterum monumenta Ducum, grandæva Vetustas,
Objicis, & victas dissectis mœnibus arces?

Hic

Hic major se prodit honos, quando acer in arma
GEORGIUS ivit ovans, famámq; extendere factis
Discupiens, nullos firmatâ mente labores,
Excubias, curásque, & duri tædia Belli,
Nulla minax vitæ discrimina sæva refugit:
Testis erit Batavus; densis concurritur armis;
Jam videas nostros, jam rursum vincere Belgas,
Estque anceps fortuna diu, victricia donec
Arma fuêre Ducis, lacerásque per æquora puppes
Occupat, & cæso tandem Rectore triumphat.
Denique, & hoc laudum caput est cumulúsq; Tuarum,
Auspiciis, Dux Magne, Tuis gratamur ovantes
Felicem CAROLO Reditum; hoc decorata trophæo
Anglia læta Tuum recinet per secula Nomen,
Commeritósque Tibi æternùm persolvet honores.

Sam. Rawling, Coll. Magd.

LIbertatis amans patriæ, petis æthera, Dive,
Quò possis aurâ liberiore frui?
Pro patriâ potuisse mori quàm dulce! negârunt
Forsan hoc astra Tibi; sed voluisse pium est.
Expiras Cathedrâ Dictator; hydropicus extas
Altera fortunis insula nota suis.
Phœbo freta suo Delos sic eminet undis,
Quod possit fluctus nec decumanus habet.
Armata approperat Pallas celebrare triumphos;
Ut volat ad tumulum turba novena tuum!
Vim Martis quoties lusisti fortiùs instans,
Æquorei quoties irrita tela Dei?

Æmu-

Æmulus Ipse ipsum vincis, vinci sque cadendo;
Victis nec poteras succubuisse Deis.

Geo. Medd, Trin. Coll. Soc.

CEdite purpurei radiantia sidera cœli;
Hospiti, & Heroi, sponte parate locum.
Quod per iter Superûm scandêrunt limina quondam
Bacchus & *Alcides*, magna propago Jovis;
Dux animi celsus, pede fausto, trivit eandem
Ritè viam, terræ monstra superba domans.
Ingemuit variis vastata *Britannia* monstris;
Seps, & Aper pressit te, generose Leo.
Sic Deus ingratæ gentis delicta pianda
Censuit, ut canibus præda lupis sque foret
Rex grege cum toto, tunc Sus Calydonius agros
Involat; & miserè terra subacta jacet.
Mox Stygiis undis emergit lurida serpens,
E multo fundens ore venena nigra.
Hoc virus tenebris obduxit lumina regni,
Depascens tacitè viscera peste gravi.
Nullam cernit opem, nec spem gens concipit ægra,
Imperium dum fraus ambitióque *vetant*.
Tandem advenisti, Dux Alme, salutifer orbi,
Auspiciis cœli missus, & auctus ope.
Tu belli fulmen fueras; in gaudia verso
Horrore, arma citò nuncia pacis erant.
Expers consilii cecidit vis sæva Gigantum,
Ausi qui fuerant arma movere Jovi.

Inferni

Inferni Furias MONMI prudentia vicit;
Hâc Duce Rex rediit, Religióque simul.
Multiplicem belli civilis contudit Hydram
Indomitis armis, consilióque pari.
Floreat æternùm, paci sine sanguine partæ,
Laurea par, nullo tincta cruore, Ducis.
Lilia mixta rosis Ducis urnæ, & perpetuum ver,
Debita sunt, cujus pax revirescit ope.
Pax non sola redit: rediit Pietásque Fidésque;
Musarum & Charitum venit amœna cohors.
Hæ maneant, vigeant, æternâ morte sepultis
Monstris, dum radii Solis & astra micant.

Thomas Gataker, Aul. Clar.

QUantos, Summe Ducum, Tibi planctus Anglia debet
Defuncto, Vivus cui gaudia tanta tulisti?
Non lacrymas, qui Te flet verè, fundit ocellos;
Sanguineas saltem guttas Tua busta reposcunt,
Qui Patrios hostes fudisti, sanguine salvo.
Funeris ad Vestri splendorem Sidera, Tellus
Et Mare conspirant: mœstam [a] nova lumina Cœli
Scenam collustrant, tanquam funalia, lucem
Præbent, ut liquidò pateat Tibi in æthera cursus.
Læta negat Tellus, MONMO moriente, videri;
Hinc, quibus ornata est, ea vestes rejicit [b] albas,
Induit & pullos (ut debet mœsta) colores.
In lacrymas constricta gelu sese unda resolvit,
Altisono Nereus meritò Te Murmure ploret,
Pinguia cui fusè cumulâsti pabula, carnes

[a] *In hujus mortis articulo tres Soles apparebant.*

[b] *Eadem tempore nix & gelu solvebantur.*

Belgarum,

Belgarum, potúmque dedit Tua dextra cruorem.
Ipse secundus eris, sed Major, Maxime GEORGI,
Anglorum Divus, de Te majora canenda:
Ille prior fertur vitâ mulctâsse Draconem;
At magìs horrendum virtus, Dux, vestra subegit
Monstrum; cui caput est, ideo quoq; lumen ademptum;
Atq; quod accendit furiis fanaticus ardor.
Hoc rabidum domuit *Monckii* nominis horror.
GEORGIUS Angliacos Mystas, & Templa redemit
Horrificis Monstri peritura in faucibus atri.
Sustulit Hic Patriæ Patrem fanatico ab igne,
Ut pius Æneas: hinc poscat culmen Olympi,
Et famæ; est CAROLUS, MONKO Duce, ritè Secundus.

O. Brokesby, A. B. *T. C.*

HEu! atra quantum mors rapuit Virum!
Heröa cœlo haud tam citò debitum!
Æternitate Heröa dignum! at
Nil, mala, Te, Libitina, vitat.
O, Angliæ lux, & dolor, & decus,
Quæ te celebret Clio? ego grandia
Cantare non unquam tropæa,
Tótve Tuos potero triumphos.
Infelix at heu nostra Britannia,
Orbata tanto militiæ Duce!
Quis nunc Iberos? aut domabit
Scotigenas malè pervicaces?
Gallos vel ipsos impete fervidos,
Per cuncta terrarum minitantibus

Alis

THRENODIA.

Alis volantes? Quísve Belgas,
Tam cupidos freta subjugandi?
Quis jam labantes consilio Patres
Firmabit autor? cæde domesticâ
Turbam aut coërcebit furentem,
Et rabiem populi rebellem?
At Terra tantum cùm haud capiat Virum,
Sedes beatas I pete Cœlitum;
Ubi & perennem, serò at illam,
Dent Superi CAROLO coronam.

Bowyer, Aul. Pemb.

De Clarissimo Duce ALBÆMARLÆ *in Cathedra moriente.*

AMphitryoniades, cùm sensit serpere virus
Per venas Centaureum, moriturus in ignes
Iruit Oetæos, cunctantia fata manere,
Atque amittendam spernens producere vitam.
In fato extremo Tu, Vespasiane, stetisti;
Et verba imperio Romano digna locutus;
Ambo expirârunt genuini ut Martis alumni;
Ambo doctiloquæ meruêre encomia Musæ.
Æquavit vestras, & Roma, & Græcia, laudes
MONCKIUS, indigno meritis hydrope peremptus.
Illum expirantem Cathedrâ vidêre propinqui,
Non molli in lecto, aut stimulante dolore querelas,
Crudeles Divi! crudelia Fata! querentem.
Sic egit morte in media de morte triumphum;

Vivit & Antæo felicior Ille cadendo.
Multa sibi erexit priscâ virtute trophæa;
At facto extremo cœlos meruisse videtur.
Mortuus Alcidæ loca juncta tenebit in astris,
Qui plùs quàm Alcides, sibi fata minantia sprevit;
Ni Superûm sedes Astræa reliquerit astra.
Quem non permittit stantem violentior hydrops,
Induperatorem decet expirare sedentem.

Joh. Parker, Coll. Eman.

ANglia vix lacrymas mœstis siccârat ocellis,
Queîs flevit Funus, Diva MARIA, Tuum;
Cùm, quasi nec minimam permittant Fata quietem,
En novus usque dolor, luctus & usque novus!
Quem tandem lacrymis finem expectemus amaris,
Anglia, natura est cùm modò flere tibi?
A reliquo rapuisse solo te dicitur æquor,
Gallia quæ spectat te malesida Soror;
Jam si fluctivagas pontus tibi subtrahet undas,
Insula sis lacrymis, Terra *Britanna*, tuis.
Jam totos meritò lacrymarum fundito rivos,
Usque quidem plores *Anglia*, & usque gemas.
Occidit Ille decus *Britonum* & cura, dolori
Parcite, si nomen non recitare queam.
Qui cùm, quicquid honos jussit, perfecerat, aut quod
Et Patriæ & Regis religiosus amor;
Cùm Regem regno, regnum Regique dedisset,
Atque redonâsset, CAROLE, sceptra Tibi;
Téque Tuis terris regnantem linquit, & Astra,
Alma ubi Sceptra tenet CAROLUS alter, adit:

Et

Et ſolium Nato cùm reddidit, Aſtra petivit;
Sic CAROLUM in ſolio vidit utrumque ſuo.
Quantus amor CAROLI! dum Te, pie *Martyr*, in Aſtris
Quærit, ut in terris, Rex pie, Te coluit.
Quem ſimul ac Cœlis aſpexit Diva MARIA,
Alloquitur CAROLUM ſponſa beata ſuum.
Ecce Virum! ſolus qui tanto in turbine rerum,
Quo nuper quaſſa eſt *Anglia*, Chare, tua;
Et Patriæ & Regis tanto flagravit amore,
Cujus & in tantis reſtitit uſque fides.
Ecce Virum! Patriæ Decus & Tutamen, & Ipſe
Servavit mirâ qui tria Regna Fide.
Ecce Virum! CAROLO populum, CAROLUMq; popello
Qui dedit, hunc ipſum reſpice, Chare, Virum.
Dixit, at amplexus venientem CAROLUS Ipſe,
Cœleſti ad dextram ſede locavit Eum.
Quanta jacent pulchro ſub nomine ſenſa, *Georgi*!
Et quàm læta ferax omina Nomen habes!
Nam dum Patronum noſtri voluêre ſub iſto
Nomine Majores, Terra Britannia, Tibi,
Numinis indicio factum hocce videtur, & iſta
Inſpirâſſe aliquem præſcia vota Deum.
Quàm gratum hoc *Nomen*, quàm *Tutèlare Britannis*!
Ex quo ſumma ſalus, Anglia, nata tibi eſt.
Quod de *Cappadocum* Divo dubitatur, id ipſum
Competit & verè, *Divæ* beatæ, Tibi.
Anglia *Virgo* erat in prædam ceſſura *Draconi*
Regia, & ipſe *Draco Pſeudo-Senatus* erat.
Fabula in Hiſtoriam converſa eſt; Regia per Te
Virgo fugit Mortem jam periturâ ſuam.
Fabulâque Hiſtorias nè fortè excedat, ab eâſe
Occidit ipſe *Draco*, *Divæ* beatæ, Tuo.

Dive vale, Cœlúmque tene, sed & usque *Britannis*
Vivas, nam tanta est nescia Fama mori.

Tho. Newcomen, Coll. Sᵃ Pet.

TUne igitur, Dux magne, jaces? tua vivida bello
Dextera, lethali frigore victa riget?
Fræna manu, digitísque remissis excidit ensis:
Et Te captivum nunc Libitina tenet.
Quod vis nulla virûm potuit, neque fulmina belli,
Hoc de Te laudis morbus acerbus habet.
Sed neque sic vicit. Nam quamvìs spicula mortis
Confixêre hominem, non tetigêre Ducem.
Venisti è bello victor: bellísque fugatis,
Pulchrior auspiciis pax quoque facta Tuis.
Vivis adhuc, meritísque Tuis in secula vives,
Insignis patriæ luctus honórque Tuæ.
Ut taceam varios terráque maríque triumphos,
Dum tuus in Scotos Mars, Batavósque furit:
Illa dies æterna Tuos celebrabit honores,
Quæ Regem reducem, Te Duce, læta dedit.

Tho. Goad, Coll. Regal.

CEcidit. Nihílne ergò diutinum, nihil
Fatis inaccessum diu mortalium
Hâc sede mundi sempiternus Arbiter
Esse voluit? nec culmini nec columini
Britanniæ rerum parùm parci potest?

Quinimmo

Quinimmo quò quis evolavit altiùs
Clariſve factis eſt polo vicinior,
Citiùs eò corripitur, & maturior
Aſcribitur cœlo? ergò convitiabimur
Voce ſtolidâ morti, furoréque perciti
Falcem ſeni duro ſtatim extorquebimus?
Exequitur hæc ſolùm Supremi Numinis
Æquiſſima juſſa: tanta virtus debita
Cœlis fuit ſemper: meritis nec uſpiam
Ingentibus terrâ invenire præmium
Par poſſumus. Quid memorem ego victorias
Tot inclytas terrâ marique, tot fugas
Hominum, cruentáſque indè cædes, claſſium
Tot editas ſtrages, & haud uni Deo
Audita nomina, pluribúſque gentibus
Meritò reformidata, dilecta & ſimul,
Prælia ſuâ virtute, conſilio ſuo
Felicia? olim te Caledonia juga, &
Fallente veſtigium palude Hibernia,
Quem hoſtem trucem bello priùs contremuerant,
Tulêre mox facilem, benignúmque Dominum
Coluêre. Non Belga ipſe nunc Tibi Tua
Præconia invidebit: hunc illi ſemel
Iterúmque, non viribus ſed animis impares,
Non ſuſtulêre Ducem, ſed & victi ſuis
Exhorruerunt imminentem portubus.
Victóque, ſi Diis placet, potiſſimùm
Invictus animus: caſibúsque cedere
Nullis ſueta mentis irato impetu
Emicuit audacia. Decora belli hæc erant.
At non ego laudes libens conquirerem
Mortalium ſorte heu nimis lacrymabili,

Quin.

Quin & minuta hæc ſunt, & omnibus retro
Cantata ſeculis ſatis. Jam illud legat
Stupeátque poſteritas aperto Numinis
Veſtigio, æternóque dignum carmine.
En ſcelere rapti triplicis diadematis,
Sanctóque ſanguine occupati vindicem
Solii! en Virum qui priſtinum Dominum ſuum
Ubique populo quæritanti reddidit,
Volvente conſilia profundo pectore!
Et quo nihil fide aberit olim longiùs,
Non Martis aleâ, nec integrâ priùs
Belli cruenti mole disjectâ undique.
Nullóque ſanguine conficit tot prælia;
Hoſtémque callidum, & diu certamine
Doctum, tot elatum triumphis, & ferum
Succeſſibus tot militem, atque neſcium
Vinci ſine ullâ cæde ſolus perdomat.
Magnus quidem hìc, ſed major inviolabilis
Fidei ſatìs nunquam cumulandâ gloriâ.
Cujus nec proſperum ſcelus, nec numinis
Simulata gratia dimovebat pectora
Incocta honeſto: nec malis onuſta ſors
Virtutis æquíque propè neglecti Deo:
Nec ſpes ſatìs tum blanda, verùm crimine,
Sceptrum tenendi: non ſimul cuncta intimis
Fixam fidem præcordiis evulſerint.
O arte nullâ unquam temeranda pectora
Majora ſceptris imperi victricia!
Tantis patratis rebus & ſuperbia
Longè abfuit, moleſta virtutum comes.
Leniſque civem agebat antiquam colens
Semper fidem; nec, quod frequens eſt, turgido

Faſtu

Faſtu repletus ſprevit unquem ſibi parem;
Minorâve meritis putavit omnia.
Hæc nos putamus ſatis inani carmine
Futire? Quantulus honor! Olim vultibus
Incus gemet Tuis, graviſque mallei
Te ictu tonante ambitus extundet faber;
Diſcent quoque juvenes Tua ora ducere,
Modúmque membrorum, lucellíque artifex
Suum hoſpitem procabit effigie Tuâ.
Quin & ſinus molles fovebunt, niveáque
Brachiola ſæpe jactitabunt invicem
Tuam figuram, auróque gemmæque inditam.
Monumentum ubique famæ ſic erit tuæ.
At Ipſe tandem, Magne Dux, dignam cape
Te, Invicte, ſedem, cedere & jube Herculem;
Sumptóque curru *Carolino*, cœlitum
Comitante turbâ, jam triumphum æternum agas.
Nos interim noſtris pueris narrabimus
(Idémque ſeris linquimus nepotibus)
Facinora Tua non ſimplici loquentia
Cerâ: nec hiſtoriam tacebimus Tuam.

G. Bright, Coll. Eman. S. T. B.

ואני מקונן הקינה הזאת
על הנגיר המופלא והגבור
גאורגיוס מונח

ישאו קולם כל העמים
כל עינים יבכו ימים
כי שר אבר מארצנו
רכב הוא גם פרשיו
נפל נאמן עמורנו
נחשך חלק גם שמשנו
איום היה במלחמה
עור הפליא לעשות באמונה
נתן לנו הוא מלכנו
נתן למלך לבנו
אב העם גם אב המלך
אב כלנו על מה תלך
מניח בארץ חיים
עתה מונח בשמים

Idem.

ANAGRAMMA.

GEORGIUS MONK DUX *Mavortius* Albamarlensis.

Exurgam (si mortuus) Miles albâ Coronâ Dignus.

POst varios casus, post tot discrimina belli,
Si Me funestâ *Mors* rapit atra manu,
Militis exurgam præclari munere *dignus*;
Servatur Cœlis *alba Corona* Mihi.

Da. Jenner, S. T. B. *Coll. Sid. Soc.*

THRENODIA.

O Quàm dulce ſonat nomen tam grande *Georgii*!
Ferro qui Aurea ſæcla reduxit.
Qui Batavos ictu repetito ſæpe fugavit,
Nè ſemel unâ ſtrage perirent.
Belgarum Angliacos jaculatus puppibus ignes:
Nautis ecce Pharum metuendum!
Qui turmas equitum proſtravit fortibus armis
Hoſtiles, peditúmque phalangas.
Quique domi eluſit furias, fregítque rebelles
Conſiliis & mente ſagaci.
His adeò evictis, egit ſine clade triumphos,
(Quod teſtes vix credimus ipſi)
Scilicet & pulſam pacis revocavit olivam,
Abſque tremendi fulmine belli.
Purpura non CAROLO placuiſſet tincta cruore,
Nec dibaphum ſic cædibus oſtrum.
Noluit ergò inter tumulos MONCÆUS ovare,
Et palmam odit ſanguine partam.
Nec fato oblatum voluit ſibi ſumere regnum,
Neu Solium tapere hiſce triumphis.
Haud ſibi ſed Regi vicit Dux inclytus, Uni
Et CAROLO hæc erecta trophæa.
Quando igitur mundus Tantis virtutibus impar,
Nec tali terra hoſpite digna eſt.
Armáque Vírque petunt cœlum, & ſuper æthera ſcandunt,
Dii capiunt, quod terruit orbem.
Arma Ducis cœlum ſpectant, ſuſpenſa columnis,
Ut monumenta perennia laudis.
Quàm meritò Regum Hic in Mauſolæa receptus,
Per quem Rex in Regna reductus!

Muſarum Cantabrigienſium

Quàm meritò amiſſum Magnum hunc Herõa Britanni
Flent populi, flendi magìs ipſi!

Ro. Lowe, A. M. *Aul. Clar. Soc.*

TRiſtitiæ (heu!) nimias dant cauſas Fata, dolendi,
Quod magìs injuſtum eſt, tempora juſta negant.
Quis ſuffecturas iterata in vulnera vires?
Det finem ærumnis quæve medela novis?
Occidit ipſa ſalus: fatum crudele quietem,
Quæque ducis dederat gaudia vita, rapit.
Ecce per æthereas volitat felicior auras,
Mirando cinctus fidere & aſtra petit.
Agnoſcit CAROLUS, radio hunc redimitus in ulnas
Urget, ſic ſummos alloquúturque Deos.
En rediviva piis micat, Illo vindice, flammis,
Quæ fuerat propriis ara ſepulta rogis;
Manibus infernis devotáque templa, fatentur
Et noſtra auſpicium naufraga regna ſuum.
Nec minùs Illius quàm veſtro numine, ſceptra
Fatis acta malis noſtra propago tenet.
Quos fis auƈturus, Te Dii, Priamúſque larésque,
Tutorem agnoſcit quælibet ara ſuum.
Præmia jam dederint pacis Tibi Fata beatæ,
Quam quondam miſeris fortior ipſe dabas.

Rich. Martin, A. B.
Coll. Regal. Soc.

Noviſſima

THRENODIA.

Noviſsima verba DUCIS *ad Filium.*

SOſpes, Nate, vides, Rex eſt, Eccleſia ſalva,
Victi hoſtes, & Gens pace beata viget:
Sedibus in propriis conſcriptum cerne Senatum;
Ordinibus cunctis integra jura manent:
Jus Clero redit, & ſua priſtina gloria Regno;
Státque iterum vires Curia nacta ſuas.
Auxilia en robuſta foris, ſociósque fideles!
En validas acies, armáque firma domi!
Floret adhuc ſalvis Trinobantum gloria muris,
Sunt intra portas omnia tuta ſuas;
Exuvias poſuit Phœnix Auguſta reſurgens,
Urbs facie antiquâ, vel meliore, nitens.
At ſi quid feci, quòd ſic me Magnus amaret
CAROLUS, aut Genti commoda fortè tuli,
Síque ego vel bello, vel pace quid utile geſſi,
Mi Fili, Patrem tute imitare tuum:
Relligio inprimis tibi ſit, chariſſime, curæ;
Eriget hæc animum, te moriente, tuum.
At, mi Nate, Novatores, qui Schiſmatis arte
Sic pollent, cane tu pejus & angue cave:
Poſt Numen quodcunq; tuum eſt Regi (Optime) debes:
Illæsâ Hunc igitur tu pietate colas:
Devotam & mentem, ſemper fidiſſimus, Illi,
Fortunámque habeas: téq; ità Numen amet.

Nath. Smyth, C. Jeſu Socius.

Dic Heros, dic Alme Parens, quo thure placebit
Funesto tua busta coli, quo lumina ritu
Fata fleant, vel jam lacrymis saltem annue nostris,
Et nimis ignaros nè dedignere dolores.
O Patriæ tutela tuæ! quo sospite, mansit
Inconcussa salus, atque intemeratus ubique
Imperii fulgebat honos; Te bella gerente
Externos risit Brittannia tuta furores,
Victoríque suo cessit fortuna, dedêre
Belga Scotúsque manus; vincentem sensit Iernus,
Et superimpositis gemuisti, Europa, tropæis.
Sed quid parva loquor? fudit sine cæde rebelles,
Congessítque novos vel summa in pace triumphos.
Ad magni Ducis adventum Lambertia retro
Agmina cesserunt, gelidúsque per atra cucurrit
Castra pavor; dubii terrent phantasmata fati,
Et fugit à solo tremefactus nomine miles.
His volat ad CAROLUM gradibus, & pulvere longo
Squalidus, Herculeos usque exantlare labores
Pergit; continuo & virtus animosa tenore
Conficit immanem repetitis ictibus Hydram.
Impiger ad metam tendit, vix lumina somno
Mulcet, & ingentes vetat obdormiscere curas,
Dum beat infaustas *Carolino* sidere terras.
Qualis erat, quanta illa dies, cùm tota repentè
Convolat ad pelagus, *Ruïpináque* littora Regem
Plebs avidè exceptura suum? quæ gaudia gentis?
Qui strepitus plausúsque sonant? velut ipse creparet
Axis, & antiquus rimas egisset Olympus,
Et fera per totum reboarent fulmina cœlum.
Quos Augusta arcus, & quæ tibi pegmata, Cæsar,
Constituit? cùm tu rutilo stipatus ab orbe,

Intrares

Intrares lætam populis plaudentibus urbem.
Regnat ubique nitor, veneranda triumphat in omni
Forma decúſque loco, totum eſt quodcunq; videmus
Magnificum, ſublime, ingens, ibi conſcius ipſi
Imbellis radii ſubtraxit lumina Phœbus,
Æmulus & multo deſcendit Jupiter imbre.
Hoc omne eſt, Dux magne, tuum, tibi laurea ſoli
Palmáque victori detur, tibi ſola merenti
Civica debetur ſervato cive corona.
Heu! laſſus quã mole premor? jam fœdere rupto
Belga iterum vincendus adeſt, jam ſæva ruinas
Dania, & infandas minitatur *Gallia* clades.
Quis Divûm jam ferret opem? quæ numina poſſent
Afflictæ genti, miſeríſque occurrere rebus?
Scilicet hic ſolo eſt Hoc dignus vindice nodus,
Digna ſuis iris victoria, digna tropæis.
Jam Jani patuêre fores, belliſque tumeſcens
Et lethi jam inſtabat hyems, jam fata volabant,
Et gravis offuſis obſorduit aura tenebris.
Evomit horribilis ſævos bombarda furores,
Diráque feralem proclamat buccina mortem.
Claſſibus adverſæ claſſes, velut urbibus urbes,
Concertant, redeunt veteris miracula Deli,
Et gemina in medio delabitur inſula ponto.
Ille animat ſtimulátque ſuos, hortatur & orat
Ut decus & patriam libertatemque revolvant,
Nec toties præclara Anglorum geſta rotundat
Una dies, unúſq; hoſtis, (namque arma pavebat
Danus, & imbellem cohibebat *Gallia* claſſem)
Sic tandem veteres reficit nova gloria laurus,
Cinguntúrque novis illuſtria tempora ſertis.
Non hominum ſolùm domitor fuit, ipſa ſecures

Submiſit

Submisit Libitina suas: cùm tristis in urbem
Ingruit exitii rabies, fatíque cohortes
Armatæ densâ stipabant compita turbâ,
Hic Dictator erat, cordato à Cæsare dictus,
Qui mersо ærumnis populo solatia ferret,
Grassantíque palàm morbo curtaret habenas.
Quis credat potuisse mori? quàm nulla tuetur
Gloria? nullus honos? nulla est sat firma potestas
Supremum prohibere diem: sed cuncta per umbras
Descendunt Stygias; cunctis trux imminet hora,
Usque Acheronteas pallens petit hospes arenas,
Natáque crudelem subitò amandantur ad orcum.
En! senio natura dolet, mundíque torosum
Robur ad occiduam sensim prolabitur urnam.
Qui fuimus quondam nati ex tellure gigantes,
Jam sumus effœti quantilla animalcula sæcli!
Vincere lethales acies, & temnere funus
Virtus sola potest, animúsque per omnia grandis.
Qui patriam servat, raptósque in vincula cives
Asserit, & sævos exturbat sede tyrannos,
Hic meritò æternus, meritò immortalis haberi
Debet, & innumeris famam producere lustris.
Hæc Tua nunc, Georgi, vita est, hâc parte superstes
Spernis inexhaustas ævi fatíque ruinas.
Nominis Angliaci Divis Te mascula virtus
Addidit, & puris nitidum caput intulit astris.

Joan. Turner, Coll. Christi.

Te

THRENODIA.

TE tria Regna dolent, Te *Scotus*, *Hibernus*, & *Anglus*,
Te, qui tot tuleris, terráque maríque triumphos,
Et Tua, Magne Heros, terra & mare funera plangunt.
Jam fortè oceano attollet sua vela *Batavus*,
Eriget aut cristas *Gallus* dum concutit alas;
Cùm Tu undis Neptunus abes, Gradivus & armis.
At caveant lepores tumulo insultare Leonis,
Vel cineres violare Ducis, vel lædere manes,
Magnanimi; cujus nunc Umbra vel Urna rebelles
Dissipet, & servet Reges, & terreat hostes.

Rich. Barrington, Coll. Magd.

In obitum DUCIS *paulò post Christi Natalem.*

BIna vetat Pietas nostris nè Numina terris
Interfint: Nato hinc Christo, denascitur *Heros*.
Ipse petit, *viduum* Christus dum linquit, *Olympum*,
Sic ipsa his nostris reparantur sidera damnis.

Quem modò cæruleis Victorem viderat undis,
Inversis luget miseranda *Britannia* fatis;
Nunc Urna est puppis, lacrymæ sunt flumina, venti
Sunt gemitus, tædæque Phari, sed portus Olympus.

Ro. Londe, Aul. Clar. Alumnus.

Quis

QUis modus exequiis? nostri quæ meta doloris?
Heu gemino simul est Anglia mœsta rogo!
Impia nec modico est Lachesis contenta paratu:
Temnit vulgares & Libitina dapes.
Inflixit nobis quantam mors aspera cladem!
Occidis heu Patriæ spésque decúsque Tuæ!
Te Patrem Patriæ Brittannia tota salutat,
Fundâsti auspiciis qui tria regna Tuis.
Nomine dicta tuo, Arctoo sub sidere rupes
Jactatæ præbet littora fida rati.
Anglia sic sævis bellorum quassa procellis
Occupat en portum, Te Duce, tuta suum.
Templa Deo reddis, furiis violata popelli,
Et reddis nostro Tu Diadema Jovi.
Dextrâ adeò defensa tuâ rediviva resurgit
Anglia, & in mediis salva triumphat aquis.
Nè veteris posthac miremur facta *Georgi*;
Tempora majorem nostra tulêre Ducem.

C. Wroth, Coll. Regal. Soc.

ERgò catenatis nec dum satiata ruinis
Sævit adhuc Nemesis? miserísque infesta Britannis
Nondum sicca novo conspergit lumina fletu?
An modò nescio quâ regnat parte ætheris ortum
Exitiale micans sydus? radiósque malignos
Dirigit in Reges? Augustâ quotquot in aula
Eximii, motâ gaudens prosternere caudâ?
Gestiit hoc primùm sacram violâsse Parentem
Regis, & alternis lacrymis, parilique dolore,
Commisisse duas, misero certamine, gentes.

Proximus

Proximus à prima deflenda en victima fatis
Monkius iratis cadit, uno funere Parcas
Infeſtas patriæ ut poſſit ſatiâſſe videri.
Scilicet invidiâ cœli non dignior alter
Viſus erat, quiſquis calcaverit incola terras
Angliacas; hic noſter Atlas, qui ſæpe rotantem
Et dubium, & tremulum ſubjectis viribus orbem
Suſtinuit Britonum; precor, hoc Atlante remoto,
Alcides quaſſis nè deſit gentibus alter.
Hic tempeſtivus noſtro ſurgebat Olympo
Phoſphorus, Angligenis orituro prævia Soli
Lumina conſpergens, ſed nunc heu Phoſphorus idem
Occiduus (medio dum Sol micat aureus orbe)
Diſparet, luci huic quòd quondam acceſſerit author
Contentus, radiiſque ſuis accenderit ignes.
Nunc nox alta tegit, cujus penetralia mentis
Intima, ſeceſſus cordis, ſacríſque repletum
Conſiliis pectus, divino & numinis æſtu,
Nocte tegebantur quondam, & caligine densâ.
Olim qui tacitè quicquid dictaverit (æqui
Semper amans) animus, ſecum verſare ſolebat
Secretum: clauſo qui corde, & mente ſagaci,
Sola laborantis quæ ſanent vulnera regni,
Conſilia extruxit, nulli malè credita linguæ:
(Tanquam arcana Deæ, Siculis quæ præſidet arvis)
Concedit fato moriens, intérque ſilentes
Conſilii linguæque expers numerum obtinet umbras.
Quid Te conſpicuum memorem, Dux inclyte, claris
Cinctum armis, dextrâ gladium, lævâque regentem
Colla frementis equi, veterano & milite plenæ
Dexteritate pari moderantem fræna Phalangis?
Pulvere, ſanguineíſque notis, & ſorde decorus,

Dum carpis quales meruit victoria laurus.
Quid Te? lassatis dum cessant arma Britannis
Consilio compôsta Tuo? dum cuncta quiescunt,
Nec consanguineis certatur cominùs armis,
Martia pacificam comitatur laurus olivam.
Æquoreum taceo Martem, cùm fata volebant
Anglica Belgarum concurrere carbasa velis.
Auspiciis ut facta Tuis freta pervia nautis,
Præmia navalis dederit Tibi grata coronæ.
Te laudare piget: Si quem præconia vatum
Concelebrent, dignum qui serior intret Olympum,
Augent invidiam superûm, proprióque dolores.
Quantò Tu meritus majora encomia, GEORGI,
Vivus adhuc, omnes tantò graviora cadentis
Damna ferunt, tantóque magis lugendus obisti.
Olim quæ Martem solita est accendere cantu
Lætifico, atque alacres animare in bella cohortes,
Buccina surda gemit; gelidum ciet ipsa dolorem,
Ferales induta modos, tuba rauca Britannis;
Tympana (quæ quondam sonitu majore solebant
Vincere Stentoreos morientis in agmine planctus)
Funere pulla Tuo, nigro & velamine cincta,
Submissos edunt, populo plangente, susurros;
Nec superare valent mœsti suspiria vulgi.
Olim quæ tortis sinuata per æthera gyris
Luserunt ventis, semper victricia signa,
Jam Tecum resupina jacent, crebríque volucris
Hærent hastili non ampliùs ausa videri:
Angliaci Scoticíque gemunt Tua fata Leones,
Et lugubre sonat fidibus temerata remissis
Te chelys, armifero quam gestat Hibernia scuto.
Amissum dum flent omnes, dum totus ademptum

Orbis

THRENODIA.

Orbis Te plangit, dum compita ſquallida luctu
Ornari renuunt, quæ dira ſilentia complent:
Perverſa interea fanatica turba triumphat,
Intempeſtivas ducens de morte choreas.
Nempe Tuo CAROLO Te tutelare putabant
Numen, & incaſsùm cunctas, Te ſoſpite, Regi
Se ſtruere inſidias; ultro ſed fata dedêre
Conſiliis poterant quæ non ſperare rebelles.
Laomedontæâ ſic dum ſervatur in arce
Palladis effigies veneranda, urbémque tuetur:
Argolicas ridet claſſes ſecura juventus
Trojana, Iliacæ capiunt ſolatia matres
Prælia ſpectando, tutæ de mœnibus urbis:
Sed Diomedeæ virtutis præmia, necnon
Fraudis Ulyſſeæ, cùm ſit fatalis imago:
En collapſa ruunt ſubductis tecta columnis
Dardaniæ everſa eſt atque urbs fundamine toto.
Mitior avertat Deus Anglis urbibus omen!
Vulnera namque magis multò crudelia genti
Infligis patriæ moriens, quàm ſenſerat olim
Obſtiterat quicunque Tuis miſer enſibus hoſtis.
Non tot ſudiſti, Dux invictiſſime, vivus
Sanguinis horrendos latices, gelidique cruoris
Rivos; quot fluctus lacrymarum inducis ocellis
Omnibus extinctus; quæ tanto flumine mœſtis
Prorumpunt, ut perpetuo de fonte putentur
Emanare novo, modò quem natura creavit
Conſultò, in noſtros nè deſint pabula luctus.
Scilicet exaret tot quondam parta triumphis
Laurea, funereæque locum contenta cupreſſo
Concedens, tacitis infauſta dat omina flammis.
Parcite ſacrati Manes, ſi noſtræ & Athenæ

Addant ſerpentes hederas, humilíque racemo
Pellere conentur funeſtæ frigora taxi,
Quæ malè vicinam tumulis exporrigit umbram.
Non Tua nos ornare putamus funera cantu,
Te tribuente decus petimus: Tua numina noſtros
Inſpirant calamos; tenues modò fundere vates
Invitis ſeſe mirantur carmina Muſæ.
Fortia Mæonio ſua debet Pelias haſta
Vati, qui ſi non celebrem ceciniſſet in armis,
Ignotus nobis forſan periiſſet Achilles,
Virgilióque Anchiſiades encomia debet.
Sed Tibi debemus (qui ſunt) Dux inclyte, verſus,
Materiâ ſuperatur opus, qui ſæpe parantem
Dicere plura dolor cohibet, quique ipſe vocatur
Ingenii res plena, idem, (ſi credere fas eſt)
MONKIÆ, Te moriente hujus farrago libelli eſt.
Sic penè extinctum dum proles Parthica patrem
Aſpicit, ignavæ citiùs retinacula linguæ
Solvit, & inſuetas vomit inſcius ore querelas.
Tu mutos in verba animas, ſed diſpare fato:
Quàm vellem in vitam Te ſic revocare liceret.

Gualterus Neale, A. B. *T. C.*

OMnia in integrum cùm reſtituiſſet, avitas
Dux leges, Anglis priſcáque jura ſuis:
Poſtquam Rex Solio, Pax Regno, Templa Deóque
Reddita, Sat vixi, dixit, & occubuit.

L. Warner, Coll. Magd. Commenſalis.

Jam

THRENODIA.

JAm nova Regales quatiunt lamenta tiaras,
Jamq; iterum in luctu eſt Helicon, nova vulnera Pindus
Deflet, & irrorant lacrymatæ Phocida lymphæ:
Exequias, Regina, tuas vix flevimus, inſtat
Quando novum funus, ferali & carmine leſſus
Rurſus Melpomene dictat, mœſtáſque cupreſſos
Atria, funereas adoléntque palatia taxos.
Occidit Illuſtris, terrarum gloria, MONCUS,
Fœcundo Natura ſinu quem duxit in auras,
Ut fœdam Enceladi rabiem, ſeu Marte rebelles
Excuteret domitos caſtris, juſtóque ſuorum
Aſſereret ſolio Regem: non amne cruoris
Albionis fœdavit agros, nec prælia campi
Spirabant; latam ſed cinxit laurea frontem
Martis, & alma ſimul decoravit adorea pacis.
Imperio viduata ſuo cùm Regna beâſti,
Et CAROLO reduci volitârunt vota per urbes,
Omnes quàm dulci libârunt gaudia vultu?
Compita porticibus lætis laqueata nitebant,
Atque triumphales, per quos Rex vaderet, arcus
Erêxti; non ſic Pharii Regina Canopi
Auſonios in tecta Duces Cleopatra recepit:
Illa ſalus per Te populis inopina refulſit.
Cur nunc Elyſii campi deſcendis ad umbras?
Cur Neſtor? cur Tiphys abis? cur cymba procellis
Deſeritur rerum tumidis, Palinure? feroces
Portendunt terris Superi quæ fata? dolore
Fortiùs opprimitur magis en quò nobile pectus;
Majeſtas trabeæque gemunt, & triſtibus Oſtrum
Roratur maculis, CAROLUS regalibus urnam
Conſpergit lacrymis, Patroclum ità luxit Achilles.

Antonius Spinedge, Coll. Jeſu.

Cùm

CUm procul à Septem splendens auriga trione
Hæserat in signo Sol, Capricorne, tuo,
Æternum frigus Boreæ decus occupat, ardens
Regis amore sui, proh dolor! obriguit.
Esse potest nemo lacrymarum prodigus, Heros
Pro patriâ vitæ prodigus occubuit.
Millibus objecit pro nobis fida periclis
Pectora bellipotens, indomitúsque senex.
Submisit Batavus nostris aplustre carinis.
Vile caput tenebris Presbyter occuluit.
Cimmeriæ procul hinc jam diffugêre tenebræ;
Et clarum CAROLI vidimus ecce jubar!
His ope, MONCHE, Tuâ fruimur; tamen esse beatos
Non finis ulteriùs, dum Tua busta petis.

Tho. Bonham, A. B. *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

AH tandem miseri flemus Tua fata, GEORGI!
Ergò habeat noster libera fræna dolor.
Profiliant lacrymæ; siccis quicunque videtur,
Exulet, & patriam deserat ille, genis.
Temperat à luctu si quis Fanaticus excors,
Quò non exequias hasce profanet, eat.
Luctibus unanimis dum tota Britannia fiat,
Digna feres meritis funera, MONCHE, Tuis.
Scripta tepent lacrymis; & arantis verba madescens,
Atramenta quidem nostra, papyre, bibis.
Emeriti ergò Ducis meliùs præconia cantat,
Qui minùs hoc damnum flere poeta valet.

Idem.

Dic

THRENODIA.

Dic mihi, Muſa, Virum, patriæ qui primus aſylum
Præbuit afflictæ, poſtquam jam turba rebellis
In Chaos horrendum confuderat omnia demens:
Tum verò (infandum!) regni compage ſolutâ
Pulſa fides, pietáſque, & pax, & priſtina jura:
Necdum ceſſavit rabies veſana popelli,
Donec (quàm horreſco referens!) & ſanguine Regis
Proh ſcelus! heu! ſacro maculâſſent ſanguine terras,
Unus Martyr erat tum CAROLUS, alter & Exul.
Hæc rerum facies (*facies* modò ſi fuit ulla,
Quando *Caput* nullum) leges cùm MONCUS avitas
Angligenis, CAROLUM & regno, Regíque Coronam
Reddidit: in Cœlo hinc meruit diademate cingi.

Gervas. Strope, Equitis Balnei filius,
Coll. Magd. Commenſ.

POſtquam hîc in toto tot prælia geſſerat orbe,
Martéque Dux tulerat tanta trophæa ſuo:
Juſſus abit vexilla ſequi cœleſtia, ſítque
Signifer Angelici ſub *Michaele* Chori.
Nimirum victo eſt inſignis uterque Dracone,
Noſter hic in terris, alter & ille polo.
Terreſtrem CAROLO qui reddidit Ipſe Coronam,
Quàm meritò in cœlis huic Diadema datur?
Quod reſtat, fama orbem implet, parvóq; ſepulcro
Quàm Magni Heröis molliter oſſa cubant.
At tibi par tumulus ſi, Dux Invicte, daretur,
Haud caperet cineres Anglia tota Tuos.

Ludovic. Maidwell, *Coll. Divi Johan.*

Non

NOn decet exequias Armorum & funera Tanti
Heroïs gemitum & lacrymas Elegeïa fundens:
Militis immortale decus, nomenque tremendum,
Et rigidi Manes poscunt, queîs, Carmina, vates
Arma virósque canunt, quæque olim Bella placebant;
Necdum agnosco Tuos, Fatum crudele, Triumphos,
Victricé ve manus: nec postera fama loquetur
Nostrum unquam cecidisse Ducem; Quem sæpe petitum
Improba Mors potuit nec in ipsa sternere morte;
Æternùm & stabit, steterit modò Numine læto
Anglica gens, & floruerint Brittannica Sceptra.

Nec tibi marmoreos vultus, fusóve metallo
Membra damus; duri peritura est gloria saxi:
Hæ Tibi erunt laudes, Dux Maxime, Cæsaris olim
Exulis, & patriæ tristes reparâsse ruinas.
Et cùm gesta virûm post sæcula longa Britannûm,
Venturum ad populum referent, & nomina fasti,
Historia, & virtus, inter miracula Gentis,
Tunc tua dicetur: divinâ ut Numinis arte
Auspiciísque tuis, multo quod sanguine frustrà
Constiterat, tulit hoc albis Victoria pennis.
Hæc famam titulósque dabunt, quæ nulla vetustas
Obruet, & seris monumenta nepotibus, omni
Pyramidum pompâ & fixis majora trophæis.

Hactenus in Terris: Quanti inter Sidera honores
Vix nostrum est audere loqui: Stant ordine longo
Antiqui Heröes, sic fas est credere, tanti
Adventum expectando Ducis, cùm limine primo
Intranti Elysium, Lethæo flumine vecti,
Spectantésque procul, submittunt carbasa nigra

Opdamii Manes, Batavûmque ingloria Classis.
Deinde amplexantur fusæ per amæna vireta
Priscorum fortes Animæ, & comitantur euntem:
Donec, purpureâ circumstipante Coronâ,
Ultrà tendenti ad cœlum sedésque supremas
CAROLUS occurrit, duplici Diademate fulgens,
Et dedit amplexus, Divûmque in templa recepit.

T. B. C. C. Soc.

VIderat Oceanus MONCHUM stupefactus in undis
Stare Ducem, & toti ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi Nereium, quantum placet, objice sceptrum,
Jupiter, atque tui Numina Fratris, ait. utrumque;
Neptunum MONCHO præfers? Dominum aspice
Illum hominem dices, Hunc magìs esse Deum.
Rex ponti infremuit, vultúque horrente procellis,
Hos dedit iratus voce furente sonos;
Ergò impune Deus nostris jactatur in undis
MONCHUS, & in Pelagi regnat inultus aquis?
Non ità; quin proprium si agnoscitis, Æquora, Regem;
Undarum Dominum vindicet unda suum.
Dixerat: & missus Legatus ab Æquore læsi
Vindictam exequitur Numinis ultor Hydrops.

Jo. Powell, A. M. *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

SIc nos attonitos placuit tibi, Juppiter, Anglos
Fulminibus terrere tuis? & demere nobis

Quem dederas olim clypeum? ſic ſolus ineſſe
Affirmas magnas animis cœleſtibus iras?
Aſpice quos gemitus, en quæ ſuſpiria fundit
Anglia lugubris, dum nigro ſqualida vultu
Magnanimi Heröis cineres & flebile funus
Ingemit, infandum lacrymis teſtata dolorem.
Nam cùm virtutes & fortia brachia MONCHI
Vidimus, & victor multos tranſegerat annos,
Nos immortalem jam tum ſperavimus illum.
Sed tamen heu! ceſſit fatis, fortéſque per artus
It Stygius color, & Batavos quæ dextra fugavit
Victa jacet letho: periit qui Marte togâque
Præcipuus, dum vixit, erat, bellóque timendus.
Sed notum non bella magis finita triumphis
Fecerunt terris Phœbo ſub utroque locatis,
Quàm quoniam fato profugum bellóque ſubactum
Reſtituit CAROLUM, majeſtatíque verendæ
Ceſſit, & in regnis cum pace locavit avitis.
Quem non ad lacrymas ergò hæc jactura moveret
Seu ſcopulis Scythiæ natum, ſeu collibus Hæmi,
Seu fotum invidiæ manibus gremióque furentis?
Heu! cur non potuit damnoſæ fila ſenectæ
Exuere, atque alios melior revireſcere in annos?
Et dolet, & mallet vixiſſe diutius Atlas,
Et queritur diras nimium properâſſe ſorores.
Heu! MONCHUM periiſſe dolet, ſaturúmque Trophæis
Intraviſſe Polum, tanto ſub pondere multùm
Ingemit, & cœlum ſe declinare videtur
Ad terras propiùs, námque Atlas ſudat & omne
Rettulit os in ſe, ſic toto nuncius orbi
Exhibuit regni damnum fatale Britanni.
Sed quoniam MONCHUS cœli dignatur honore,

Com-

Complevítque ſuos quos terræ debuit annos,
Sit Deus, & ſacris vigeat, templiſque colatur.
Et quà nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis
Atria conſideat, pedibus ſolióque Tonantis
Proximus accumbens aquilâ tutela remotâ.
Tum ſi monſtra parit tellus, ſi carcere rupto
Ipſa relaxatis pubes Titania vinclis
Aſpiciat cœleſte jubar, non Pelion Oſſæ
Injicere audebit, totúmque invadere cœlum.
Tum Veneris natus, magno qui cedere Turno
Noluit, Huic cedet: Cæſar, cùm viderit, Ipſe
Cedet & agnoſcet jam ſe vidiſſe priorem.

Ch. Wyvil, Trin. Coll.

SIc ille cœli Magnus auriga, arduo
Curſu peracto, fulgidum ponit ſalo
Caput, relictas veſtiens caligine
Terras: ſuperba nuper adventu Tuo
Anglia, receſſu mœſta nutat ultimúm.
Nobiſcum abhinc commutet Hades nomina,
Hades vocetur licet abhinc Britannia;
Hîc turba miſerè oberrat umbrarum vaga,
Non patitur Umbras gloriæ tantæ jubar:
Aſſurgat alto nomini Heroûm cohors;
Conferte lauros quotquot olim eburneo
Curru Senatus traxit ad turrem anſeris;
Debetur omnis unico laurus Viro.
Terrâ ſubegit copias Rebellium,
Marîque navales Phalangas hoſtium,

Unam valeret sordidam Parcam modò
Vincere, supremo audiret æqualis Jovi.

Oldham, Coll. Div. Joh.

PErdomitis Belgis, Patriâque in pace relictâ,
Anglorum, & Regum Magne Redemptor, abis.
Agnoscunt tandem pietatem sidera, quæ Te
Cœlituum sacris inseruere choris;
Ad quos abreptum te credimus ire, GEORGI,
Ut meritum in terris nunc Diadema feras.
Vidimus effuso violatos sanguine Reges;
Tu tamen extorres ad sua Sceptra vocas:
Clarior hinc tantò surgit tibi fama, Coronas
Quò donâsse prius quàm rapuisse fuit.

F. F. F. C. S.

TAndem igitur sacræ didicerunt parcere stirpi,
Necdum invisa minùs, nec dum minùs invida nobis
Fata, sed usque audent nostras perferre querelas
Hâc vice degeneres, consueto at crimine, Parcæ.
An vacat in solos vobis sævire Britannos?
Indultúmne orbi reliquo? seu Turca superbit
Cretensi de clade ferox, Maurúsve subactâ
Australis mundi potiori parte lacessit
Numina vestra, impune licet; potuistis utrumque,
Addo alios, Persámque truculm Scythicúmque Tyrannum
Imperio.

Imperio & vitâ ſpoliando, minore ruinâ,
Invidiâ leviore frui; par victima cunctis
Dux noſter, manéſque extinctus prægravat omnes,
Qui meruit veſtras unus tranſcendere metas;
Verùm agè ſurda cohors, & inexorabilis ordo;
Scilicet hoc Batavus velit, & mercentur Iberi
Magno, Gallorúmque audax de claſſe recenti
Ambitio, & noſtris ſuſpecta potentia terris,
Erepto, qui jura dabat ventíſque marique,
Nutu, *Galle*, tuas ſolitus terrere carinas:
Sed nec crede tuo ceſſurum, *Galle*, Monarchæ
Æquoris imperium noſtri, validúmque tridentem,
Tot tranſmiſſum atavis in noſtri Cæſaris annos;
Neſcio quid de claſſe novâ, de milite multo
Ad portus, belliſque incerto murmure fingens:
Falleris ô! neſcis noſtræ ludibria genti.
Gallia quanta parat, ſeris ridenda *Britannis*;
Supremâ, ante obitum, mediâ nocte, irrequieto,
Multa revolventi ſecum, multúmque timenti
Ancipitem rerum faciem, motúſque futuros,
Ingens viſa Duci patriæ lætantis imago,
Qualis cùm CAROLUM exciperet recreata reverſum
Adſtare, & lætas miranti effundere voces:
Nate mihi ante alios chariſſime, cura Britannûm
Æternúmque decus, Tua Te pietáſque fidéſque
Mortalem non eſſe ſinent, Tua proxima virtus
Cœleſti, aſſuetas jam dedignata catenas
Libera cognato quærit commercia cœlo.
Jam fatis ſuſpecta Tua eſt ſat cana ſenectus,
Prætervecta omnes grandævi Neſtoris annos,
Invida nempe Tuæ tandem & malè conſcia famæ;
Ætatem è palmis numerant, juſtíſque triumphis:

Supra

Supra vicenas primâ trieteride raptus,
Sæcula longa mihi vixisti, judice Fato.
Nec mirare tamen, si lecto incongrua tristi
Adsim plaudenti similis, lacrymísque fugatis,
Aspiciam placido momenta novissima vultu.
Non equidem invideo superis, Te sidera magnum
Indigetem læta expectant, gentíque beatæ
Excipiendus abis, cujus de millibus unus
Hæc mihi lugenti nimiùm tua tempora, dixit:
Magnus obit miles, nostróque inscribitur orbi,
Anglia, quem cupidè, novi, tua cura redemptum
Optaret plebis vetanæ funere multo.
Par erat ille tuis unus succurrere rebus,
Ac instaurare afflictas, cui contigit uni
Nôsse modum belli, partos sine cæde triumphos
Ducere, lassatúmque diu furialibus armis
Imperium, reduci pacatum tradere Regi:
Pacis amans, bello assuetus, pietatis utroque
Tempore non uni exemplum venerabile sæclo.
Quin propera, nec jam morienti adstare recusa,
Solare incertum, de me præsaga futuri,
Vocibus his: exhinc sua magna negotia soli
Cæsar habere sibi statuit, nec fortior alter,
Judice Te, rebúsve gerendis aptior illo.
Excipit imperium pelagi, classísque tremendæ
Proximus ille suo virtute & sanguine Regi
Hector, ubique meus miles terrâque marique.
Vana equidem non sum, video certamina longè
Hunc inter Gallúmque ingenti classe furentem,
Non impunè tamen, totas fugit ille per undas
Victus, & imperio tandem se continet uno.
Interea nec Belga meas contempserit iras,

Contrà

Contrà ausus triplici sancitam fœdere pacem,
Ecce fremit toto pelago, quærítque JACOBUS
Opdámque, Schramiúmque alios, Trompóſq; ferocès.
Tandem, Nate, Tibi quod non eſt ultima curâ,
Victrici, Duce Te, toties, lætæque cohorti
Illum Rex ſapiens ſtatuit præponere, quem Tu
Ante omnes fidum expertus, fortémque probâſti,
Imperióque parem; multo jam nomine dudum
Inſignem; meritíſque ſuis, votíſque Britannûm.
Hæc fata, in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
Mox & membra Duci ſolverunt Fata, ſupremam
Exhalanti animam, ſtellas Divóſque petenti
Affines, ubi jam, cœlo plaudente, triumphat,
Æternùm noſtras meritus laſſare Camœnas.

Iſaac Craven, Coll. Trin. Soc.

OMnia, quæ nobis CAROLO jam læta recepto,
Proſperáq; advenêre Tibi, Dux, ex debita ſoli,
Tu ſolus poteras ſanare hæc vulnera dextrâ,
Magne, tuâ, & tantas regni reparare ruinas;
Diſperſit furias Tua dextera ſola rebelles,
Conſiliúmque ſagax populi compeſcuit iras;
Abſtersítque ingens quod dedecus *Anglia* toto,
Infeſtis regum ſatis, contraxerat orbe;
Tu ſolus laceram miſerando ſchiſmate gentem,
Et tria regna ſimul concordi pace ligâſti.
Tu leges nobis, divina humanáque jura,
Atque fidem, reducémque Deum cum Rege tuliſti:
Ergò, Magne Heros, poſtquam te fata tulerunt,

O dolor, & generis decus immortale Britannæ,
Te Rex, Te Proceres, plebs, miles, génſque togata
Unà omnes lugent, laudant, mirantur, adorant.

Edv. Smith Baronetti filius natu
maximus, *Coll. Magd.*

Alloquitur defunctum CONJUGEM *præ dolore moribunda* Conjux.

PArtem animæ de corde meæ mihi ſæva tuliſti
Mors: igitur rape quod ſupereſt, aut redde quod aufers.
Semianimem vixiſſe mori eſt. Heu perdere vitam
Optanti, ut moriar geminatâ morte, negâſti.
In me unâ ſimulacra locas vitæque neciſque,
Vivere dum nequeo, dum nequeóque mori.

Ergóne ſic miſeram, Conjux mea vita, maritam
Deſeris, & vivo? ſine vitâ vivere poſſum,
Aut ſine morte meo finem poſuiſſe dolori?
Heu morti vires adimit, vitæque miniſtrat
Ut mea non careat vita dolore, dolor.

Dum vitam mihi ferre paras, vitámque necémque,
Chare, rapis: vitam, quia Te, mea vita, perempto
Vita mihi mors viva; necem, quia ponere vitam
Pro Te non licuit. Pro Te profundere vitam
Vita mihi eſt; modò ſit mors mea vita Tibi.

Crudeles nimiùm Parcæ! crudelia fata!
Hoc modò ſi merui quid reſto orbata, minori

Invidiâ

Invidiâ vobis exosam animam ipse dedissem,
Et mortem mihi fata negant? haud vivimus ambo?
Quis vetat ambo mori? sine Te mihi, Chare, licebit
Vivere, non liceat, Te moriente, mori?

Lumina lethali visuri solis in umbra
Ite, Oculi, in tenebras lethi caligine septas.
Neu gelidâ trepidate nigræ formidine mortis:
Quid magis exanimat, gravior quis terror, amato
Protrahere ingratam quàm sine sole diem.

Ite, Oculi, in tenebras; aut si mors surda negârit,
Vos mihi claudat Amor, placidáque in morte quiescant.
Tristem mî nemo lessum neu funera faxit,
Neu tumulum, tumulo mœstum neu scalpito carmen.
Fortunata, meum si propè condar herum!

Sed quid ego invitam votis accersere mortem
Conor adhuc? miseram si post tua funera vitam
Fata trahant; vivam ut moriar, viduata dolebo,
Dum nostris ferat ipsa malis mors sera medelam.
Vivam nè vivam. Quòd si tamen ulla dolenti
Vita superstes erit, vita doloris erit.

F. P. Trin. Coll.

Aliud.

FAta subis? Morior. Sed sensu pressa doloris
Me tamen, heu, vitam ducere corda probant.

Vivimus an moriamur ô vivæ an spectacula mortis
Nec satis exanimis, nec bene viva gero!

Idem.

In Cathedram, quâ illustrissimus Dux ALBEMARLENSIS *expiravit.*

DUm Cathedram, quæ ex (Draco) tuâ fabricata carinâ,
Jactitat *Oxonia* Bibliotheca suam,
Cedat huic tamen: illa satis quo plaudat, habebit,
Hâc unâ Cathedrâ dum minor esse potest.
Sellula si sacra est, parvum hunc quod viserat orbem,
Sellula quam sacra est, quæ dedit astra Duci!

Idem.

FElices florete diu lætósque Tyrannos
Dum videt, & CAROLUM quærit in orbe suo;
Territa tot monstris hominum stupefacta labavit
Relligio, & nullos credidit esse Deos.
At tua sacrilegos contrà dum, Dive, furores
Dextera pro nostro Cæsare sancta stetit,
Asseruit possessa malis pallatia larvis;
Dextra eadem Regem reddidit, atque Deum.
Quàm meritò in cœlis regnum sibi vendicat Heros,
Qui Regem nobis reddidit, atque Deum.

Guil. Burrell, T. C.

Engo

THRENODIA.

ERgóne sic etiam vallum in sua fata minaci
Corripiet nostram mors inopina manu?
Et nos ut vites viduatos deseret? ut sint
Pro vino lacrymæ funeris exequiæ?
Proh dolor! *Ech.* O dolor! at quænam hæc? ironica mortis
Vox est? commœrens vel tua Nais? *Ech.* ais:
Quid ploras? Ech. Oras? lucósne hæc funera tangunt?
Ech. Angunt, & dolor hic te quoque lædit? *Ech.* edit.
Ergò agè & umbrosum repetas, pia Nympha, recessum,
Mœstitiæque tuæ sit Philomela comes,
Utque nova hæc tacitas fecerunt gaudia Sphæras,
Sic *grande ingenium* huic vel *dolor* ipse dabit.
Néve adeo in terris Monachum ploremus, alandæ
Instar at ascensu dulcior esto sonus;
Utque olim Æneam Veneris duxêre columbæ;
Sic Mars [a] ductores hic habuitque suos
Regales ambos. Spes ergò restet, hiantem
Orbem sol linquat, sed manet inde color
Purpureus, noster sic *murus aheneus* etsi
Rumpitur, ex venis *aureus alter* adest.
Qui Patris ut Phœnix enatus odore, relictis
Sic patris in radiis pullulet ille diu.

Edm. Walthew, Aul. Clar.

[a] Carolum sci. & Mariam defunct.

FAta suprema videns Sponsi generosa Ducissa,
Has puto cum gemitu fudit ab ore preces;
Ah hydrops! utinam *vel me quoque ponus haberet*;
Sic dixit; lacrymis obruiturque suis;
Diluvióque novo fit manca humana propago;
Fluctibus & tantis naufraga terra perit.

Rob. Vinter, Aul. Clar.

CUm Dux stupenda passus erat, & fecerat
Et nomen ingens comparaverat sibi:
Honore, pace, prole & inclytâ satur,
Pietate celebris, & triumphi gloriâ:
Ferale telum Mors vibraverat diu
Quo feriat hominem; post frequentes machinas,
Diuturnæ & obsidionis extremas vias,
Vitale castrum denuò invadit viri
Magni & potentis, quod vi & armis diruit.
Dolendus omnibús que flendus occidit,
At maximè Illi, qui recognovit Patrem
Patriæ, & suum: cecidit dolendus militi,
Sine lacrymis tamen; mori hi citiùs queant.
Lacerant togas Musarum alumni pro Duce,
Qui fecit otia studiis: Granta at magis
Luget Senatorem inclytum, qui calculis
Electus hîc, elegit & Grantam suam.
Medicos peritos cura jam exercet gravis,
Quis morbus ausus fuerat Heroa aggredi.
Dum volvitur tam curiosa quæstio,
Rex fortean (qui physicas causas amat
Semperque amavit proximùm Duci suo)
Aderat: Viro (inquit) Hùic vigor tantus fuit,
Nunquam per hydropem ut perisse existimem;
Latere causam aliquam profundiùs puto,
Fortissimum hoc pectus mihi quòd usque patuit
Telis amoris solius penetrabile,
(Rex quippe noverat intùs ac in cute Ducem)
Apertius vobis adhuc fiet velim:
Facilisque fidénsque auguror, videbitis
Quod singulare magísque mirum est quàm solet.

Divinitùs

Divinitùs parent monenti: nec quidem
Regem fefellit exitus: viſu omnia
Miranda ſunt in hoc Duce: ut renes, jecur,
Pulmo, cerebrum, ſana ſunt hæc ſingula,
Fortiſſimo digna & viro; digna & Duce.
In cordis arcem denuò peritiùs
Rimantur: at at! ingens ſuperfœtatio
Accreſcit intimo cavamini, (nefas)
Surſúmque tendit, & integrum à cono occupat
Dilatius ſolito, ubi ſacrum gaudium
Huic ampliorem jam diaſtolen dedit:
Clauſítque nobile oſtium cordis pii;
Natale dum feſtum patulcas cæteris
Fores ſuas dedit. Fremunt Fanatici
Carnale cor & indè jactitant Ducis,
Quia prodidit cauſam bonam: ecce hunc (inquiunt)
Male feriatum hominem, Deóque percitum,
Ut in his obit, quos intulit feſtos Dies!
O judices lævi! & ſiniſtri aruſpices
Cordis laborantes boni penuriâ!
Cordatus optimè (ſciatis) Dux erat,
Qui nè quid aleret intus in animo doli,
Cavitate cordis caſſus eſt, fraude & malâ.
Dum fauſta comprecatur hic Anni novi
Regi ſuo, toti Reíque publicæ,
Animam Deo efflavit quaſi ſtrenam ſacram.

T. Fuller, Coll. Jeſu, S.

In

In Ducem ALBÆMARLÆ, *Epicedium.*

HInc elegi tenues; & quidquid funera Musæ
Degeneris cantu solet incestare, facessat;
Nil opus est humili lacrymas excire querelâ,
Indecores lacrymas, modici solatia luctûs,
Queîs fermè scelus augustos aspergere manes.
Invadens animum gravior jubet impetus, illo
Arduus incedam pede, quo decurritur Hector
Cæsus, & invictus bustum conscendit Achilles;
Major enim celebrandus adest, ut verior, Heros.
Ille super quondam licuit quod fingere veiè
Magnus, & antiqui commentis grandibus ævi
Conciliare fidem (minus est, inferre pudorem,
Invidiámque movere) potis: cui tota merenti
Nobilior claris & certis Ilias actis
Turgeat; Iliadem nuce jam complectimur illam.
Non Divos oriens, aut Reges ille parentes,
Vel Proceres jactat, titulóve obtendit inertes;
In laudem fortuna viri (se intrudere vanâ
Quæ specie solet, & famæ decerpere florem)
Nulla venit; solidâ virtus radice suâque
Nixa stetit; de se pronascens gloria purè
Emicuit, nimio nec avorum sanguine tincta.
Nec de sorde tamen, rudis aut è fæce popelli,
Rectiùs à media sed crevit origine; lucis
Ut nil abriperet sors, nil affunderet ipsi,
Propriáque excoleret vacuum solertia campum.
Crediderim tamen occulto quòd semine, venâ
Et tacitè lapsâ per stirpis devia, priscos
Attigit Heröas, quos transfit indole summâ;

Indole,

Indole, quæ primis Martem ſpiravit ab annis;
Abſentémque procul cupido trans æquora voto
Quæſivit; populoſa ubi deſes ad oſtia Rheni
Centum edormierat, vel centum eluſerat annos,
Sortes alternans ſuſpenſo fine, capaces
Erudiénſque animos generoſa in lege nocendi.
Is ſimul ac juvenem pulchrâ feritate calentem
Aſpicit, ambabus depreſſum complicat ulnis,
Et blando, præter morem, ſic excipit ore:
Gratus ades, ſi venturi modò vocibus ævi
Credetur quicquam, natu mihi maximus, acrem.
Protinus arripies qui toto corde Gradivum,
Evadéſque meæ conſummatiſſimus artis,
A me deſumes ampliſſima præmia laudis;
In me ſed potiora refundes honore grato.
Magna geres pugnaci manu, majora ſagaci
Perficies animo, vi præpollentior utrâ
Ambiguum; terras ſimul illuſtrabis & undas.
Virtute amphibiâ, ſe res fundente per omnes,
Res utcunque geres, quò verſe cunque teipſum,
Indivulſa tuæ hærebit victoria dextræ;
Vana nec hæc ſterilíſque, & tantùm clade nocivâ
Inclyta, ſed validos præbens mortalibus uſus.
Scilicet inſtauranda tuis decernitur armis
Regnorum collapſa ſalus; depelletiniquæ
Vis ferale jugum à patriæ cervice minacis.
Nominis aura; manus tumidos exerta rebelles
Comprimet; exangui ſubiges horrore feroces.
Bellator facilis, victórque innoxius hoſtes,
Infidioſa dabunt pietas, & pelle decorâ
Larvatum ſcelus, obdu&æque putamine ſancto
Immanes furiæ, & cæci ludibria zeli.

Terga

Terga Tibi, frontis quantùm diversa severæ!
Orbe chaos patrio demes, constante reponens
Res in sede vagas, & certo fine coërcens;
Harmoniam suavem renovans, & lumen amœnum;
Verticibus meritis aptans diademata, mitras,
Pileáque, insano nequicquam excussa tumultu.
Succumbet monstrum Tibi (de quo rara subacto
Vis jactet, paucique Duces egêre triumphum;
Nullius edomitum felicibus Herculis ausis)
Ambitus, immodicos dum frustrà obtrudit honores:
En quam blanda Tibi pellex exporriget offam,
Ut Tibi captivam se dedet summa potestas!
Haud sine tam valido fati molimine nullis
Illecebris virtus poterit vitianda probari;
Aut constare Tui quantum sit pondus honesti.
Nempe Tuas ambire, suis elapsa pudendè,
Ausa manus, turpem patientur sceptra repulsam:
Indignor, dices; & cor injuria pungit
Vestra meum; quasi non mihi cura potissima recti
Insideat, malímque potens quàm justus haberi;
Objicitis temerè regni culpabilis umbram;
Mente bonâ regnum non est augustius ullum.
Nec magìs, ut justè possem, regnare juvaret,
Quàm Carolo parere juvat; quem fata requirunt,
Fecit ad imperium virtus; cui sponte luberet
Ad me jure bono delatos tradere fasces;
Hâc vice sufficiet speciem mihi sumere Regis;
Ocyùs ite, volo, rectámque capessite dextram;
Morem sceptra gerent, sanctis obnoxia jussis.
Talis eris, qualem certè labentia mundo
Hactenus abnuerant ostendere secula, miles.
Reddere vim juri, profugásque reducere leges;

Fásque

Fasque fidémque (quid hæc memoro?) Regémq; Deúmque
Longo subtrahere exilio; pallatia Regi,
Templa Deo, vacuas utriq; recludere sedes;
Consociare decus cum Religione; beatum
Par majestatem, libertatémque tueri;
Propugnare (nec hæc in grandi laudis acervo
Infima laus jacet) infenso quas impetet ungue
Vecors turba, arcto mihi (quanquam abludere vultu,
Et studiis distare videmur) fœdere nexas,
Summum in stirpe Jovem, & sacro cœlum ore ferentes,
Dulces Pieridas; magnóque umbone togatum
Protegere omne genus (genus haud benefacta referre
Immemor; & linguâ natum prodesse canorâ
Fortibus, egregiisque arcens oblivia gestis)
Barbariem dominam frodido detrudere regno,
Júsque bonas revocare artes impunè sciendi;
Bellum debellare ipsum, Martémque fugare
(Hei mihi) Marte tuo, translato milite justum
In civem, & pacis firmatâ lege perenni;
Militiæ sunt ista tuæ; sic arma sacrabis,
Infamíque operæ nomen præstabis honestum;
Sic fata absolves, suspectáque criminis astra:
Scilicet inferior nedum te sentiet orbis
Patronum; de se cœlum meruisse, redemptum
Horribili opprobrio tetræque aspergine labis,
Quod fateatur erit; Superûm tibi debitor omnis,
Nequitiæ cristas tollenti applaudere visus,
Cœtus erit, quo tandem auctore putabitur insons.
Mars ego præsertim (qui tot fanaticus annos
Audierim, scelerum fidissimus ultor acerbè
Dum jocor, atque tuæ studeo præludere famæ
Acriùs, aspirare nefandis creditus ausis)

Per te non malus, aut indignus amoris habebor.
Talibus excepit generosum magnus alumnum
Bellipotens; plura adnisum præsagus Apollo
Destituit; reducis vel cùm miracula Regis
Prospiceret, curæ satur ignotare futuros,
Ad se quippe minùs spectantes, maluit annos.
At tunc Herôi pars defuit optima vitæ,
Uberior laudis maturæ campus, ab illo
Tempore visus erat, nè quid supereſſet ab ipso
Iuvictum, sese ac actus superare priores,
Inque dies auctâ magis inclarescere famâ:
Si modò conservare diu quàm tradere regnum,
Continuò vigilem intentâ defendere curâ
Pacem, quàm fundare semel, cohibere latentes,
Quàm patulos hostes prosternere majus haberi,
Utiliúsque decet. Si non turgescere magnis
Inflatum titulis, meriti nec pondere tanto,
Aut famæ esse gravem, sibi non assumere quicquam
Immodicum, reliquis abductum civibus, aeres
Blanditias propriæ quasi non attendere sortis,
At medios inter plausus, mediósque triumphos,
Clamores faustos populi, pronósque favores
(Hâc saltem vice non fictos) venerabilis Aulæ,
Affectu surdo versari, animóque modesto,
Jure super cunctas effulget nobile palmas.
Si nihil affectare novum, nec ritè locatas
Res turbare, ægrum vanâ ambitione, malignâ
Afflatum invidiâ, stolidâve cupidine raptum,
Sed trahere innocuam per amica silentia vitam,
Nullam porrigere ambiguis rumoribus ansam,
Nullo rem populi strepitu tractare, suámve,
Si non addictum aut infensum partibus ullis

Vel

Vel captare leves auras, vel inania rixæ
Semina projicere; aut cæcos proponere fines,
Aut iter obliquum funeſtæ inſiſtere fraudis;
Aſt indeflexo communem lumine pacem
Aſpectare, fidémque ſuam, & Regnantis honorem;
Sit, penè ultra quàm valeat laus ſcandere, celſum.
Si mentem retinere domi, nec tradere fluxæ
Prodendam linguæ; non oſtentare loquendo
Ingenium incertum, ſed certum oſtendere agendo;
Non quantum ſapit infidis edicere verbis,
At validâ præſtare operâ, eventúque docere;
Cùm nil non valeat, cùm pervigil omnia curet,
Poſſe parùm tamen, & pauciſſima nôſſe videri;
Quærere non ſpeciem, ſed rem; ſint optima magni
Signa viri, ſupra culmen vulgare levati.
Si non privatum è communi radere cenſum,
Exhauſtis venis populi, aut è paupere fiſco
Surreptis opibus; quæſtûs à ſorde nefandi
At puras ſervare manus, famámque pudicam;
Tutari ſed enim excelſæ ſtationis honorem
Fruge bonâ, luxúque excluſo augere penates
(O utinam exemplo profit magnatibus illo;
Ut quo nobilitas tenebris offuſa refulſit,
Illo nobilium quoque res auctore reſurgat)
Quin pretio, quum res viſa eſt depoſcere, nullo
Se præſtare Ducem, gratiſque impendere vitam
Civibus, & tantùm ſe compenſare merendo;
Iſta queant juſtæ cumulum diſtendere laudis.
Hæc ego; ſuſpiciant alii victore tremendum
Enſe, manúque alacri torquentem fulmina belli;
Nil non audentem ratio quod honeſta juberet,
Impavidóque tuentem extrema pericula vultu;

Flectentem densas legiones voce peritâ,
Et magnas classes clavo prudente regentem;
Multiplices alto gestantem vertice lauros,
Dispensantem sceptra, & regnis fata locantem:
Me virtus juvat hæc, quæ non tam luce coruscâ,
Quàm solidâ placidâq; micat, nimiúmque stuporem
Temperat, illecebras admiscens dulcis amoris:
Me pudor ille, tegens animosi pectoris æstum,
In bellace viro studium durabile pacis;
In Duce, quo summum imperium non alter obire
Aptior, obsequium deferre parata voluntas;
Mens refugi fluctûs variis in casibus expers,
Proposito fideique affixa tenaciter; altâ
Cum gravitate rigor nullus, fastúsve; potentis
Vix sensus meriti, clamor nullus; tenor æquus
Vitæ; limitibus modicis inclusa cupido;
Quicquid & his arcto comitatu dotibus hæret,
Afficiunt imas flammâ penetrante medullas.
Ex his evasit laus mundi consona, certus
Incerti populi favor, unus celsior omni
Invidiâ, jactu assiduo quæ summa lacessit.
Nempe quis est adeò nequam dementer, ut illum
Oderit, auspice quo nobis vis tanta bonorum
Incubuit; per quem nos pulsa revisit opima
Pax, nostrósque lares per tot nunc incolit annos,
Quo munita salus nunquam est sibi nostra timere
Visa; sed hostiles semper res Anglica tempsit
Assultus, tanto custode & vindice tuta?
Ergò immortalem faciebant publica vota,
Quantùm vota valent; fatóque exemptus agebat,
Quantùm fata sinunt: at nullis numina surda
Auscultant votis, meritorum excordibus illis

Nullus

Nullus ineſt ſenſus; ſævè diſcrimine nullo
Omnibus inſultant; poſtquam, à ſe prodita, fœdè
Gens humana gravi dedit è certamine terga,
Lege ratum ſtat eis immotâ, parcere nulli.
Hinc jacet, ecquis eum credat potuiſſe jacere,
Qui nos ſtare dedit? per quem res noſtra revixit,
Ipſe obijt, fato communi ſubditus. Eheu,
Quid facimus? quàm non in dignum pectore toto
Sufficimus luctum? quàm nobis ſpiritus ægrè,
Si quis eo nobis manet expirante miſellis
Spiritus, in tantum ſuſpiria debita caſum
Suppeditat? vires excedit cauſa dolendi;
Officio minor eſt, & non ſolvendo dolorem
Anglia tota; ſuum niſi quòd Rex optimus ultrò
Impendit, magnæ qui ſolus congruit umbræ,
Noſtris magnificum pondus mœroribus addens.
O quàm te decet hæc, quantúmq; repoſcit amorem
Inſignis pietas & pluſquam Regia! multis,
Per jugem illuſtris vitæ diffuſa tenorem,
Eluxit bonitas ingens tua, CAROLE, ſignis,
Quot nemo vel quanta poteſt obtendere Regum.
Vix tamen hoc ullum divini pectoris extat
Clarius indicium. Quò te fidentiùs ipſo
Nitemur poſthac, quanquam ſic lumine dextro,
Atque manu dextrâ videare orbatus; oportet,
Eſt qui virtutem tanto complexus amore,
Proſequitur meritum tanti mercede doloris,
Nullius is meriti ſit, vel virtutis egenus;
Quid ſolus valeas hinc conſtat; quódque ſuperſtant
In te jam CAROLUS ſimul atque GROTIUS uno.
At tu præclari defuncte laboribus ævi,
Æterni in gremio decumbe quietus honoris.

Non

Non tibi de Pariis consurgat rupibus agger;
Néve tui Cyprio custodia nominis æri
Mandetur; neu te memorandum pagina sumat
Docta; nec audates (debet vestigia vitæ
Heroum queis turba minor) tua gesta Camœnæ
Contemerent; immortalis tua gloria summo
Certiùs immotas radices inserit ævo:
Sacra tuæ famæ tria stant ingentia regna,
Auspiciis erecta tuis; quot templa, quot ædes,
Tot monumenta tuæ virtuti extructa supersunt.

HOc segni quantum dictavit cunque poëtæ
Musa quidem nulla, at Gratia multa melos.
Si nimius videar, culpam non deprecor; ipse
Cùm videar justo parcior esse mihi.
Musa jocosa fuit multis (Musam esse jocosam
Nil vetat, at longis non licet esse jocis)
At mihi, siqua fuit, spatiis diffusior æquo
Jure fuit, quoniam seria Musa fuit.
Scilicet affectum pleno torrente ruentem
Sistere vix nostræ, crede, fuisset opis;
Officii nec erat, meritis cùm congrua tantis
Nulla queat reddi pagina larga satis;
Nec, post insumptum scribendi plura laborem,
Non adscribendum *multa deesse* foret.
Publica nè repetam, nimiùm quæ vasta supremi
Nobis porrexit numinis Ille manus;
Multa obvenerunt privatæ commoda vitæ,
Quæ par est magno sumpta referre Duci:
Quòd sub jucundæ requievi tegmine pacis,
Vita quòd à Tragicis est procul acta malis;

Quòd

THRENODIA.

Quòd placitis ſtudiis, literíſque inſontibus ampla
Otia (nè dicam præmia) contigerint;
Turpibus ejectis Dominis, vanóque furore,
Se purâ qui pro relligione tulit,
Quòd licet obſequium Regi deferre benigno,
Et vero cultum verum adhibere Deo:
Hæc ego tanta Boni forti, prudente, probâque
Obtinuíque operâ poſſideóque Ducis.
Huic igitur grates dum fundere conor, ineptus
Eſſe queo, longus vix (reor) eſſe queo;
Sin videar, veniam extremæ non abnue culpæ,
Quiſquis eris (ſi quis) qui legis iſta, precor:
(Huic veniam culpæ facile eſt concedere; pœnam
Scribendo ſcriptor quum ſatìs ipſe luat)
Non erit, ut poſthac patientia veſtra laboret,
Nec mea charta ſuâ tædia fronte geret;
Luſibus his penitus vel penè renuncio; quicquid
Nitar abhinc, nullum vel breve carmen erit:
Muſas, Magne, meas ſine (veſtrâ laude ſubactas)
Appendi tumulo, parva trophæa, tuo.

Iſaac Barrow, Trin. Coll. Soc.

Κλαίετε τὸν ΜΟΝΑΧΟΝ μεγαλήτορα, κλαίετε Μοῦσαι,
Θυμολέοντ', ἀπόλαιντον Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντῃ·
Ὃς ῥέα δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν ἔρρηξε φάλαγγας
Μουνάξ, εἴτ' ἄρ' Ἴβηρες ἔσαν τοίγ', εἴτε Βαταυοί·
Ὃς πολυκοιρανίης λυσσώδεα δῆμον ἔπαυσεν,
Ἠδὲ μοναρχομάχων ἀνδρῶν ἁλίωσε μενοινάς
Μουνάξ, τῷδε βίτυ ὀλέσας, καὶ κέρδεα λυγρά·

Πλαγτῶν

Πλαγκτῶν δ', ὅσσοι τε φρένας ἐκπεπαταγμένοι ἄνδρες
Ἔνθεον ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔχειν νόον αἰὲν ἔφαντο,
Τῶν τ' ἔρραισε μένος, στυγεράς τ' ἐδάμασσεν ἐριννῦς
Μυνάξ, οἱ δ' ἀεσιφροσύνης παύσαντ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
Τοὺς δ' ὀχλοκρατέοντας ἀλάστορας, ἄχθεα γαίης,
Τῶν ὕβρις τε βίη τε σιδήρεον οὐρανὸν ἵκεν,
Ἔσχεν ἀτασθαλίης, καὶ ἀνήγαγε τὸν Βασιλῆα,
Αὖτε δ' ἐπὶ θρόνῳ εἷσε, πάλιν δ' οἱ σκῆπτρον ἔδωκε
Μυνάξ, οὐδέ τις οἱ τοιῶνδ' ἐπιτάρροθος ἔργων
Ἔπλετο· τῷ ῥα δίκῃ ΜΟΝΑΧΟΣ κεκλημένος εἴη,
Εὖ θ' οἱ ἔχοι ἑὸν οὔνομ', ἐπεὶ τάδε μοῦνος ἔρεξε
Ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν δ' αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει.
Ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τέθνηκεν, ὃς ἄσπετον ἕρμα πόληος,
Καὶ μοῦνος μέγα κῦδος ἔην, ἕρκος τε Βρεταννῶν,
Κλαίετε τὸν ΜΟΝΑΧΟΝ μεγαλήτορα, κλαίετε Μοῦσαι.

In Nobilissimam Heroinam Illustrissimi DUCIS *Uxorem, unà cum Marito ægrotantem, & non ultra tres Septimanas Ei superstitem.*

FAta sua, & Domini præsensit languida Conjux,
Visa Virago suo commoritura Viro.
Stat tecum mihi, Chare, mori: Tibi ut ipsa superstes
Sim misera? Exequias ibo, sed Umbra, Tuas.
Ocyùs hinc propero, (quid adhuc sub luce morarer?)
Indocilis vitam (Te moriente) pati.
Armorum hanc didici Tanto sub Milite legem:
Vitâ & morte meum nam sequar ipsa *Ducem*.
Talia, credo, sui voluit cùm *Portia Bruti*
Fata sequi, moriens ultima dicta dedit.

Edidit

Edidit & tales noſtra Heroïna loquelas;
Nec lethi cupiens *Portia* noſtra minus.
Haud certè *ardentes avida bibit ore favillas*,
(Sed nec ei Conjux Cæſaris hoſtis erat)
Mortem avidè tamen & venientem prona recepit,
Tam charo Capiti quâ citò facta comes.
At neque lugubris Solennia cernere Pompæ
Suſtinuit, *Georgî* aut Funera tanta ſui.
Anticipans ergo hæc Spectacula mœſta, Triumphos,
Denique nec tolerans, trux Libitina, tuos,
Tempeſtivè obiit, Magni poſt fata Mariti
Cùm vix vicenos viderat ægra dies.

Tu verò, ô *ſimili frondeſcas virga metallo*
Dux juvenis, ſtirpe hâc macte & Iule tuâ.
Nec nimiùm doleas, licèt orbus utroque Parente,
Nempe utriuſque tibi CAROLUS inſtar erit.

Epilogus ad Regem Apologeticus.

COnflictata diu eſt lethali Academia morbo,
Abſtulit Illuſtrem cùm mala Parca Ducem:
Senſerat infelix tanti præludia fati,
Tum quaſi Patrono commoritura ſuo.
Necdum convaluit germinato vulnere Mater,
Et morbo ſimul & funere preſſa gravi.
Ignoſcas ergò, petimus, ſi divite venâ
Nec fluit, & genium non habet iſte Liber.
Ægra manus calamum regit, & penus arida Vatum,
Et repit tardo languida Muſa pede.

Fr. Duport, Acad. Procan.

IF ever Mortal could command
Stern Fates their own laws to withſtand,
And to three Realms a Reſurrection give
Which they had buried alive:
Great Albemarle was that ſtrange He;
In whom high Valour, and deep Policie
Agreed to dwell,
Yet ſtill contended which ſhould moſt excell.
Tell not me of Philips Son,
Whoſe Captains help'd his Conqueſts on:
Give me a Man
[If Stories can]
Who to himſelf was All,
Arms, Money, Army, Generall.
He whoſe unfeigned Legend may
Tempt future Faith ſo far aſtray
As to imbrace for true the fancies
Of moſt extravagant Romances.
Let Julius vapour that he Came
And Saw, and Overcame:
Our Generall did more,
Who ſent his Victories before,
And Conqueror was when yet no eye
Diſcover'd him an Enemy.
Never ſuch Mines as his, who though,
A kingdom off, yet up could blow
His unperceiving foes, and ſnarl them in
Their own deſerved gin.
How ſtood he like a Looker on,
When the main Game was his alone;
In which he ſhun'd, what others wiſh'd, the luck
To rob the Common Stock.

How

How in a ſeeming
Regardleſs dreaming,
With more than Lynceus eye
Pierc'd He the Rebel Saints Hypocriſie!
In what Reſerv'dneſs did He ſtand immured
And ſecured!
Perhaps the onely He among
True hearts, who proſperouſly
Contrived how to be
A Cavalier in all things but his Toung.
He's ours, this Faction cry'd; He's ours, cry'd that:
Fools, ſo He was; but not
As you ſurmis'd: 'twas his Deſign to free
You all from your mad Miſerie.
How did He make it his brave play
To hold proud Oliver *at bay!*
To ſtemm his Craft with wiſer Art,
And make him gnaw his fooled heart!
By yielding, how did he ſubdue his States;
And London *ſave by firing of her gates!*
Now plain Charles Stuart *gan to be*
The Kings moſt excellent Majeſtie:
Now Loyalty was grown
Good Senſe, and went right glibly down:
Now Covenanters and Ingagers ſtared
To find themſelves in Honeſty inſnared.
His Soveraigns way thus having paved
With hearts of Friends and Foes,
And ſaved
Unwitting thoſe
Who many years had buſie'n
Hammering their own Ruine hi'm;

The matchless Patriot *to his Throne*
Through thousand triumphs brings the Martyrs Son.
Nor did one drop of blood besmear
This mighty Fact: O no! his studies were
His brows to raise
With pure unbloody bayes:
And therefore He
Chose his Brains Artillerie,
More happily considering in
His Counsels Magazeen.
Yet when his Masters Honour, and
His Countries Cause call'd for his Hand,
The roughest Dangers stop'd him not
From tearing boistrous Seas and Fleets in sunder;
Nor will it ere'e in Holland *be forgot*
That GEORGE *could thunder.*

A. C. of S. P. Coll.

I

As when some storm its violence displays,
The angry and enraged Seas
Here open an abysse, and there a mountain raise,
The trembling Mariner abandon'd sits
And in despair the rudder quits;
If some kind Star to his relief appears
And smooths the Oceans rougher face,
His care does vanish with his passionate fears
And glad security reviveth in their place;

The

The Seas are hush't, and we may see,
In his becalmed look the same Serenity.
So we (Great GEORGE) for Thee did lately fear
More then a Mariner half-shipwrackt does;
Like tender Mother that with panting care
Over her sickly infant stays,
We watch't the Critical event of thy disease,
In pangs of fear still ask't the fatal news;
When to a well dissembled cure of thine
We did our fears and griefs resign.
We thought the dropsy did relent,
And had its Magazine of mischiefs spent.
Arm'd with the rigours of a Scythian cold
Lo! from its snowy cave,
A new resistless stream it reul'd
Great Albemarle's illustrious life to Brave.

2

Impure disease! What can't it then suffice
With all thy watry terrours to pursue
The drunken and luxurious crew,
But thou must vex the virtuous and the wise?
Go wreake thy rage upon
Their crudities & indigestion:
Great Monk's severe and stricter temperance
No softer luxury surpriz'd,
Unbroken by the least extravagance;
The easy fruits of Nature him suffic'd.
He for his Country spil't more blood, then others wine;
Whilst with its noble brine
Endeavouring to repay that vital juice,
Into its emptied sluce,
The German Ocean would it self transfuse.

Had'st

Had'ſt thou, O Sea, within thy watry arms
Embrac'd ſome ſinking villages, or toſs't
An Aromatick ſhipwreck on our coaſt,
We to thy rage had pardon'd all thoſe harms;
But this ſmall water-breach we more bemoan,
Then all the Oceans inundation:
Whilſt in our tears we now confeſs
The Cargo of the East, *then* MONK, *we valu'd leſs.*

3

'Twas then when gaſping Loyalty began
Her faith and hopes to caſt away;
Having beſought the Gods in vain
Deſpairing now no longer She would pray.
She thought no miracle was great enough
To reſcue England *from its pains,*
But would its fetters (though ſo rough)
Bind faſter on with voluntary chains.
We did no longer now our Stars impeach;
Contented to our Deſtiny did bow,
Seeing our ſelves thrown down ſo low;
Jove nor with thunder nor with mercy could us reach.
In vain the Church *did at its Altars ſtay,*
Its Altars which neglected lay.
The nation (which its ſov'raign did expect
Impatient, as the Jewiſh Sect
Do for their Loytering Meſſiah *ſtay)*
Its tyr'd belief now down did lay,
And languiſhing their ſorrows only to the Thames *did ſay.*

4

When from the North GEORGE *makes his ſilent way;*
With doubtful march 'twixt triumph and defeat

He

He came to ruine or to raiſe our fate;
His great deſign in his brave breaſt concealed lay,
Like gold that never ſaw the day,
But in the boſom of its native o're aſleep
To its perfection does unperceiv'd creep.
The doubtful world could not his purpoſe gueſs,
Which his ambiguous look did ne're confeſs.
Their Deſtiny and fall was far
More legible in every Star,
Then in his cloſer and myſterious face.
The traitours and the good did fear by turn,
And in ſucceſſive paſſions freez and burn.
Sometimes the Loyal thought they ſaw ariſe
Their dawning happineſs in his great eyes.
When He at laſt convinc't our fears
And plac't Great CHARLES *upon his throne again;*
No bloud our Calendar did ſtain,
And we wept none but joyful tears.

5.

It was his miracle alone
That powerfully wrought upon
Our Rebel Chaos *and confuſion.*
So the omnipotent o're the firſt matter ſtood
And on its infant impotence did brood:
With formes its nakedneſs he did array,
That then in natures quarry undiſtinguiſh't lay.
The liquid gold of the firſt Element
Towards the Centre went;
Below he hurl'd
The groſs and ſluggiſh parts down to the nether world.

Great

Great Gen'ral! *What ſecret Maze,*
What ſudden ſprings of action were thine;
Which through theſe ſilent and untrodden ways,
Such ſtrange Meanders, led thy great deſign?
As if thou ſtrov'ſt to imitate
Th' inimitable artifice of Fate,
And didſt our happineſs advance
In the unerring ways of providence:
As if thou knew'ſt the ſecret how the world
By his almighty wiſdom's rul'd,
As if he laid thoſe cares aſide, he muſt
The Univerſe to Thee alone betruſt.

6

'Twas this that Cromwel *ſaw; by Thee alone*
His race ſhould tumble down
From that proud height of uſurpation.
In Scotland *and unarm'd, alone*
Thou mad'ſt him tremble on his throne.
In vain with threats and power he ſtrove
Thy great and fixed Mind to move;
In vain he did apply
Unprofitable charms and flattery.
Thy unperceived Loyalty did move
As ſilent as the Sun above,
Which none ſees move, but ſay that it ha's roul'd.
Like Brutus, *thou wer't fixt, but not ſo raſhly wiſe;*
Invincible both by his ſteel and gold
Thou didſt the Tyrants rage and flatteries deſpiſe.

7

A life ſo full of glories and Divine
Did now at laſt to its long end decline.

To

THRENODIA.

To Death thou didſt as glorious yield
As overpowred Captains in a field.
Thou ſat'ſt in thy Triumphant ſeat
And death didſt ſolemnly attend:
Thou didſt like Judge not ſuff'rer ſtand,
And her approaches there undaunted meet.
Such didſt Thou ſeem, when after ſome diſpute
The Captive Dutch *hung at thy Conquering ſtern.*
Such was thy look, when at thy foot
Their ſinking pride beneath Thou didſt diſcern.
Methinks I ſee how Death in this approach
With trembling reverence drew near,
Suſpecting She did here encroach,
And ſeem'd as if She fear'd Thee more, then Thou didſt her.
Thou that wer't wont her terrours to behold
In mouths of Cannons and in flame,
Wer't ſcarce concern'd when in a dropſie clad
An humble ſuppliant to Thee ſhe came,
And with ſubmiſsive awfulneſs took hold,
By intervalls, of thy great heart and head.
Thy great Heröick ſoul did never fear
The diſmal luxury of war;
And in this private fight, as heretofore,
Even dying thou didſt ſeem as great a Conquerour.

Hen. Goſtling, *A. M.* Fellow of *C. C. C.*

When Henrietta *paſſed by,*
In Triumph, through the Arches of the ſky,
CHARLES *the* Saint *embraced her;*

(*A royal Diadem was on his head,*
Such as in heaven the Martyrs use to wear;)
And thus the royal Martyr said:
"*My dear Consort, come away,*
"*To the golden Palaces,*
"*Of Joy, and Love, and peace,*
"*To the entertains of this thy Coronation day;*
"*No more the rage of Tyranny*
"*Shall ever injure thee,*
"*Nor any treason; all things here*
"*Sweet, as thy own Beauties, are;*
"Strafford, *and* Laud, *shall on thy Court attend,*
"*And (after a short while)*
"Great Albemarle; *then whom, the British Isle*
"*Has not a more Heroick Friend:*
'Tis come to pass, Great Albemarle *must go;*
While for him we mourn below,
A joyful shout all Heaven fills,
Unto the utmost bound of the Everlasting hills;
The mighty Angels meet
To welcome him, and the admiring Saints,
Some with a song, some with a dance,
His happy presence greet:
But chiefly, to their fellow Minister,
Our Guardian Angels fly with nimble wings,
Arts of War and peace to hear,
(*Strange, miraculous things;*)
And fain they would from him instructed be,
How to defend their charge, the British Monarchy.

Sa. Howlet, St *Joh. Coll.* Fellow.

What

THRENODIA.

1

WHat e're (Great Sir) to Thee we pay
Leſs then the honour of that Day,
Which, as it purchaſed to Thee
Immortal Fame and memorie,
Did with new Life our drooping ſouls inſpire,
Seeing ſuch fatal Enemies retire,
As Rage, Ambition, and prepoſterous zeal,
Plagues and Diſeaſes of a Common-weal:
Would be unworthy thy exalted Name;
And leſſer Virtues but eclipſe thy Fame.

2

When we alaſs! ſo long had been
Darkneſs without, and Death within,
That Deſperation now was grown
Adviſer and Companion;
When a black Cloud, was now full ripe, and ſpread,
Ready to fall, and to intomb the Dead:
Thou like that firſt Day whoſe auſpicious birth
Chas'd darkneſs and confuſion from the Earth,
Brok'ſt ope a paſſage, and the Cloud being rent,
Nought but our Exile ſuffer'd baniſhment.

3

Till then we Exiles were, and though
Our Country we did not forgo,
Our Countries limits ſerv'd to be
But bounds to our Captivitie:
Like as men cloyſter'd in ſome diſmal cave,
May there pretend Propriety to have,

Because their Prison 'tis: but ne're was't known
A man wore chains because they were his own.
By Thee with Freedom repossest, we find
The Dungeon vanisht, but the House behind.

4

Thou for this Act shalt ever live,
And thy own Monument survive,
Thy Monument which yet shall stand
Untouch't by sacrilegious hand;
Which shall maintain Dispute with aged Time
And hardly at the last submit to him;
For all Sepulchral marble will agree
And yield in this preheminence to Thee,
That none before Thee ever hence did go
With more of Pomp, and less of envy too.

And You Great Patron *of all Arts that be,*
But most of Valour and of Poetry;
(Which gave the Poet courage to submit
His humble Muse unto your Royal Feet)
Whilst with such bounty to the Dead you give,
Although not men you make new souldiers live.
But stay that hand (Great Sir) *which now has shown*
To all true Valour what you would have done:
Least every coward should his life despise,
Or out of pride, or out of avarice;
And generous Valour should at length become
No more a Virtue but a Fashion.
This Act shall of it self sufficient be
To pose and baffle all Posterity,
Which shall contend in vain, but never find

of

Of these two vertues, which in you most shin'd,
The Bounty, or the Justice of your mind.

John Andrews of Chr. Coll.

On his Grace *GEORGE*, Duke of ALBEMARLE, who dyed *Jan.* 3^{d} 16$\frac{92}{70}$.

1

'Twas the most dismal season of the year
When all things in their mourning weeds appear,
When wither'd trees hang down their heads and show
How fading things are here below,
When flowers in their beds do bury'd lie
And woods and fields stript of their Glory,
Note the whole world is transitory,
Then left Great ALBEMARLE *mortality!*

2

A season 'twas as if by Natures care
All things their sev'ral mourning parts should bear,
The gloomy skies themselves did often weep,
That we with them sad time might keep.
The melancholy birds left off to sing,
And the poor shiv'ring herds below
Seem'd too by sympathy to know
A publick loss a gen'ral grief should bring.

Thus

3

Thus skies and earth, and waters too combin'd,
And in a ſad ſolemnity they joyn'd,
When ſenſleſs things ſeem touch'd thus, how ſhall we
Expreſs our ſelves, Great GEORGE, or Thee!
That bright ſun-ſhine of joy how ſhall we prize,
When Thou our morning-ſtar aroſe!
And how again ſhall we diſcloſe
Thoſe clouds of grief, which by thy ſetting riſe!

4

Thy greatneſs, Hero, verſe cannot expreſs,
That ſhow's alaſs but our own littleneſs;
Figures, and raptures, yea, and fancy too
Are uſeleſs when we ſpeak of you;
Thoſe arts by which fond Poets would commend,
When they would higheſt mounting be
On th' wings of an hyperbole,
Come ſhort of Thee whilſt others they tranſcend.

5

When in a labyrinth we lay enclos'd,
To a Monſter worſe then Minotaur expos'd,
A Monſter which upon our beſt men fed,
And yet more ſtrange, it had no Head;
Thou our Great Theſeus didſt at laſt ſtep out,
And guided by a wond'rous clue
The fatal beaſt thou didſt ſubdue;
And what we ſcarce durſt hope, Thou brought'ſt about.

Three

6

Three ſtruggling kingdoms did alaſs! in vain,
Entangled in their fetters, long complain;
'Twas ſure a Gordian knot which had them bound,
For to unloſe it none was found;
Great Alexander was, but Greater Thou;
For he without his ſword could not
Unty the perplex'd Gordian knot,
But ours without thy ſword thou didſt undo.

7

In the Elyzian walks methinks I ſee
The ſo fam'd conquering Ceſars riſe to Thee,
And all thoſe worthies who great Rome did raiſe
Fall down and offer thee their bays.
They all their conqueſts to their battels ow,
But who but MONK did ere before
A baniſht Monarchy reſtore,
And num'rous Hydra's quell without one blow?

8

All were amaz'd, even his enemies
Stood gazing at his powerful victories;
Like Perſeus He was armed by the Gods,
Which made him proof againſt all odds.
Something he bore much like the Gorgons head:
For the rebellious rout would fain
Have ſtruck; but did attempt in vain,
Some ſtood like fixed ſtatues, others fled.

9

No ſooner had a whirlwind brought his fate,
Who with dire Hurricans had rent the State,

But

But straight he our wise Architect design'd
To clear the rubbish left behind,
Thus for a while on the North's barren land
He with his Israelites did lie
Awaiting on the Deity,
'Till God from thence did him, He them command.

10

Then Moses-like did he march forth to free
His Tribes from bondage and Captivity,
And by a Cloud he led them too, which they
Did follow but scarce knew which way,
Things in nights womb so long had hudl'd lain,
'Twas almost natural to stray,
'Till he brought back the wish'd for day,
And in his right sphere plac'd our Sun again.

11

Like th' elements of old we were at jars,
And long we labour'd with intestine wars;
We were a Chaos, a Confusion,
A mix'd scene of Religion.
Perceiving this, like the First-Mover He
Our parties brought to unity,
Nay caus'd ev'n contraries to agree,
And out of Discords made an Harmony.

12

Wonderous man! the mirrour of thy days,
Nought can so much thee, as thine actions praise.
Great Thou alone in one year hast done more
Then ever pen writ of before:

Nor

Nor can thy Deeds which all exploits surpass,
Ever so well reflected be
To future time, as now when we
Admire and see them in their present glass.

13

And art Thou set thy self, whose Trumpets have
The Body-Politique rais'd from a Grave?
No; by its so-strange Resurrection,
Thou hast most clearly prov'd thine own.
For if to raise our bury'd Liberty,
If with our CHARLES *to re-enthrone*
Good Laws and sound Religion,
Be God-like here, how glorious must Thou be?

14

Thou, when to thy Fame the lower world could give
No more, in it no longer wouldest live:
Thou that three Elements didst here command
The Water, Fire, *and the* Land;
Now to th' upper Regions of the fourth
Thou'rt gone; t'enjoy a constant day,
And Triumphs pure without allay,
To be thy self immortal, as thy worth.

Tom. Lytcott, A. B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

LEt Heav'ns Artillery, Earth's Magazeen,
Report (till now) wonders, nor heard, nor seen.
The Arched roof of Heavens Canopie

Thicker beset with lamps, (then wont) I see.
Some, to behold this noble sacrifice,
Change all their splendent bodies into eyes.
Some, with beams more refulgent, made to light
Great Brittains Greater Hero to his night.
Airs feather'd people through the heavens glide
Nimbly, to see what doth his hearse betide,
Expecting thunder-bolts to rend a tomb,
Within the caverns of earths sable womb.
But there's no need of thunder, all obey;
The foaming billows of the raging sea
Do smooth their wrinkled brows; the winds do sleep;
Or onely whisper musick to the deep.
The Golden Quire, with consorts, pierce my ears,
(Surpassing far the clashing of the spheares,
In sweeter melodies, and nobler strain,)
Making heav'ns concave Echo back again,
That ever sacred Anthem; Come thou blest,
Enter thy soul into eternal rest.

Will. Frankland, Sid. Coll.

I

GEORGE *our great Patron dead! and yet no Star*
Or blazing Comet seen,
Comets, which use from far
To wondring mortalls to declare
The Fate of Princes, or th' approach of war.
Grand tyrant Death! must He
Who could withstand
Three kingdoms Rebels, yeeld to thee?

He

He who with Martial hand
Three ſinking Kingdom's ſav'd, three Diadems
Sparkling with gems,
Did to our exil'd Sovereign reſtore;
He who could nere ſeduced be
By force or policy,
By threats or flattery,
Although the faireſt ſhews they wore;
But loyal to His Prince, to His honour true,
Did like a true St GEORGE *ſubdue,*
And o're that Dragon Monſter did prevail
Which had ſo many heads, yet was all tail.

2

England's Defender *both in war*
And milder peace: A Conquerour
Of forein and domeſtick foes.
Thus with a matchleſs valour He
Attaques the Dutch our enemy,
Whoſe natures ſuch, they ſeem to be
Not natives of the land but ſea,
And might have conquered one would thought
When in their own Element they fought;
Yet on the Main
He bravely alts their parts.
That had not peace obſtructed, they again
Had written poor diſtreſſed States,
And thrown
Their ſwelling Hogen Mogen *down.*

3

England *how truly mayſt thou boaſt*

This GEORGE *to be*
A Tutelar S. GEORGE *to Thee.*
And with a GEORGE *for* England, *tune thy voice*
Not out of Custom now, but choice.
Let Georgicks *be the subjects of thy lays,*
Fill'd with the praise
Of him who did thy exil'd King
In Triumph to thee bring,
(*A King so great, so good, as may make thee*
Again the Fortunate Island *styled be.*)
Rome *whose well fill'd Calendar*
Scarce another Saint can bear,
She who so easily does confer
Saintships on those that follow her;
We who her shavelings do despise
An English MONK *will Canonize;*
A MONK *which hath oblig'd us more*
Then all her others injured us before.
Henceforth, Dear Saint, thy name shall wear
Red letters in our Calendar.

4

Great Soul, the British stay and Glory!
How frail how transitory
Are mortal things, when Monarch death
Boldly dare attaque the breath
Of Princes, and alike the fates
O're Peasants triumph and o're Potentates.
He who dispos'd of Crowns here's gone
Up to a heavenly throne,
To augment the stars,
For He
In Heaven a Star may be.

THRENODIA.

In whom on Earth there ſhone
Of Virtues a ſain Conſtellation.
And He who here Great CHARLES *ſo much did love,*
Triumphant rides in CHARLES *his Wain above.*

Tho. Newcomen, Coll. St Pet.

1

HEre's gone the pattern and Epitomy
Of brave Heroick Loyalty,
Of humble Magnanimity,
Whom nor the Charm of being Great,
Nor luſtre of the Higheſt ſeat,
Guilded by the late ſucceſs
Of proſperous wickedneſs,
With all attractive baits, and cheat:
We ſtood amaz'd,
And on thy riſing ſplendour gaz'd,
Wondring what form at length Thou'dſt take,
And ask't what Thou thy ſelf did'ſt make;
In deeds thou did'ſt reply,
Did'ſt not the truth deny,
Thou muſt not ſit upon the Throne;
Thou wer't not that Anointed One;
What then? The Phoſphor of the day
The faithful ſervant to prepare the way.

2

Dawn of the Morn, that uſher'd in the Sun,

When

When thou brok'st forth,
Though from the cold, the Inauspicious North,
How did the Skies begin to clear,
How did the mists all disappear,
How did the borrowed lights thy radiant brightness shun.
Gross darkness had our Land o're spread,
Confusion us inveloped,
We wander'd in the night;
When straight a thousand little fires sprang out,
Of Brands a formidable rout,
Brands like the flame
O'th pit, from whence they came,
That fiercely Burn, yet give no light;
They all sank down at thy too powerful sight.

3

To Thee Heaven lent her sacred power,
Albion's Terrestrial Saviour!
To vouch whose Mission, lo!
It does a miracle show,
It does a mighty miracle bestow;
What the Corrosives of the sword,
What fomentations of the Royal love,
Could neither soften, nor remove,
Was wholly cured by thy word.
The poor distemper'd State,
When on the Quacks of late,
She had her wealth and substance spent,
Found that they did her grief augment;
When once she had a touch of Thee,
All maladies did flee:
The Bloudy fountain straight did cease,

And

And ſhe had unexpected eaſe,
From the diſeaſe of Twelve years Anarchy.

4

Methinks St George *ſeems but to be*
An early Type of Thee,
Whate're the Britiſh-Bards did rime,
Thou art that gallant Engliſh Knight,
Thou art that Tall, Right Doughty Wight,
'Twas a Prolepſis ſurely of our time;
In rude impoliſh'd verſe,
Yet better then this on thy Herſe.
They did thy worthy deeds foretell
On Allegories they did dwell,
Their Myſtick ſenſe in Tropes they bound,
(The Idiom in which of old
Heaven did it ſelf to man unfold)
Tropes which thy Actions have at laſt unwound.

5

From the fell Hydra-monſter we
By Thee have had deliverie,
From the Red Dragons cruelties,
Her many heads indeed were lopt;
Her Carcaſe into pieces chopt,
But ſtill ſhe did prevail
With the long dreadful Tail,
The dreadful Tail whereby
The Martyr-King *did die,*
The Tail wherein the dangerous ſting did lie.
After a ſeeming death,
The ſerpent does recover breath,

Begins

Begins to joyn her parts again,
Begins to twiſt her Tail again,
Till by thy Conquering valour ſlain.
Nothing remains to grace thy Brow
Save the Celeſtial Title now,
The Badge of honour, which all wear
That of that glorious Order are.
'Tis given, Great Sir, *you'r made*
The true St GEORGE; *The bright Illuſtrious ſhade.*

Jo. Billers, Coll. Div. Joh.

THus the fair-ſpreading Oak, *which had withſtood*
Whole Armies of oppoſing winds,
Tempeſts that felld a neighb'ring Wood,
In'ts ſelf the ſecret cauſe of ruine finds:
By treacherous Worms or thouſand unknown ways;
By envious Age
Whoſe fury Strength nor Beauty can aſſwage;
It conquers all.
Its glory in the greateſt calm decays,
And Trees it did protect outlive its fall.

Great MONK! *whoſe Loyalty outwore*
A ten years deluge of our Britiſh blood,
Storms made the Daring ſeek a foreign ſhore,
Or truſt their ſafety to a floating wood;
Whilſt Thou didſt all their force deſie,
Born up by Strength and Policy,

Didſt

Didſt with thy ſingle arm engage
Intereſt, Faction, Popular rage,
And rid'ſt in Triumph o're the ſwelling Sea.
Nor could he be diſmay'd
Whilſt Ceſar *and his Fortune He convey'd.*

Thus through Troy's *flaming ſtreets*
The ſam'd Æneas *goes,*
Although he horrour mixt with danger meets
From angry Heav'n, from cruel Foes:
His own ſafety with generous ſcorn neglects,
Whilſt He his Father and his gods protects.

He that fear'd nor Sword, nor Fire,
Nor guilty Tyrants cunning rage,
Did mighty Hoſts withſtand
By Sea and Land,
Whilſt idle Armies but admire;
Vanquiſh'd by ſickneſs doth expire,
And dies in peace crown'd with a well-ſpent age.
His vaniſheth in air, as common breath:
Strange power of Almighty Death!

Who can find words equal to His Glory?
Which doth outdo all Story,
All Flattery,
All Poetry.
Kings that He crown'd are fit to weep His fall,
Whilſt we at diſtance wait his Funerall.

Joſeph Arrowſmith, A. B. Trin. Coll.

AS the great light *fix't in his Orb He ſtood,*
Controlling Seas in all, ſave ebb and flood.
To bound his Princes right, H'imſelf *the ſhore,*
And could contract our Seas, or ſpread them more.
Unmov'd as the worlds Poles, 'twas never ſe'd
That MONK *could fly,* though Seas have ſeen and fled.
And Jordan *driven back; 'gainſt natur's courſe*
Grant once He ebb'd, He flow'd with greater force.
United fleets, divided ſpoils, blood ſhed
Then ſtain'd a purple Ocean to a red.
He the Lands Standard *and the Navies* Helm,
Whom ſhores did dread, flouds dar'd not overwhelm.
Yet ſuch the envious ſpite of treach'rous fate,
With ſtratagems it ſeiz'd this Potentate.
Since Seas could never cope with his high hand,
Leakes from's own veſſel ſprung, *muſt drown at land.*

F. Warly, A. M. A. C. S.

An Epitaph.

HE lies not in this narrow womb, MONK's *gone,*
For want of room like the fam'd Macedon.
Yet ſcorn'd to lean on's captive earth for eaſe,
And was too great to ſail in narrow Seas.
He chang'd his place, and from theſe ſtraights He went
To reign in waters 'bove the Firmament.

THRENODIA.

A Dream.

A Tragick ſcene did my ſad fancy ſeize,
Diſmal as night with funeral Obſequies.
This caſt me in a trance which did procure
*A Dream, (*Monk's *dead) who then could ſleep ſecure?*
Be'ng thus diſturb'd, ſought whence this ill news came,
Whether the world with me was out of frame.
And my firſt queſt was to find out that Star,
Which us'd to guide the wandring Mariner.
That fixed light *which in the North doth reign,*
A guide to Charles *his Ship and* Charles his Wain.
I miſs't the light, and wonder'd who's on float
For a new world, when ſtars attend the boat.
The ſturdy pole ſeem'd ſunk, when Monk *was gone,*
Who gave the North its Elevation.
The Earth with ſciſſures gaſp't, and doleful noiſe,
Stagg'ring for want of its due equipoiſe.
Neptune *himſelf o'rewhelm'd did baläſt lack,*
Monk's *ſhip in Triumph riding on his back.*
His channel veins did ſwell, his pulſe beat quick,
Unconſtant tides did ſhew that he was ſick.
The Sea God fears his Waters, but content
To die with Monk *in his own* Element.
The Seamans compaſs and magnetique ſtone
Did err with greater Variation.
The needle dare not point to North, for fear
Looking that way it might not find Monk *there.*
Ships haſte to ports, and fain would come on ſhore,
And with their Canvaſs wings did hover o're

His herſe, like Eagles not to prey, but have
Safe Anchor-hold though on the ſands of's grave.
It ſtartled Majeſty, which nought can dread,
To feel the full weight of three Crowns on's head.
The Univerſe diſorder'd by his fall,
Great Pan *is dead,* MONK *the worlds* Generall.

Jon. Warly, of Clare Hall.

1

'TIs well ſo many mourning days have gone,
So many Months of ſorrow paſt before,
To uſher in this ſingle hour,
This, Greateſt Soul, thy laſt and fatal one:
For had our breaſts untemper'd bin,
Not moulded by degrees to take this potion in:
This potion (bitter as e're grief diſtill'd)
Had burſt the veſſels, it hath now but fill'd.
We jointly then had all
Di'd by the ſelf ſame ſtroke, which fell'd our Generall;
Death might have ſav'd himſelf much pain,
And where he now kills one he might have Legions ſlain.

2

Yet theſe preparatives of mournful thought,
Perchance might have produced bad effect,

Had

Had not the melancholy-flood been check'd
By adverſe ſtreams of joy,
That in their annual courſe in that time all guſh out
Through the remembrance of the Great Birth-day:
When the ſole Conquerour of death,
Hell and the grave, took firſt upon him breath;
Theſe thoughts alone could counterpoiſe our grief,
Which elſe had weigh'd us down,
Down to the grave, where he is gone,
Whence there is no reprieve.

3

That paſſion ſure had turn'd us all to clay,
That made the froſty hills conſume away:
The icy rocks wept all their tears for Thee,
As they were marching downwards tow'rds the ſea,
They long had ſtood
Fetter'd upon the ſurface of the flood,
Till griefs ſharp liquor fretted off their bands,
And gave them ſcope to tell thy fate to forein lands;
Who well might gueſs ſome Conquerour was dead,
Since every wave was turn'd a Cryſtal Pyramid.

4

On airy wings the fatal news was born
Through all the quarters of the world aloud;
Or elſe the ſighs of thoſe that mourn
Came rowling altogether in a crowd,
And flying upwards tow'rds the ſky
There in impetuous winds ſigh'd out thy Elegy.

5

Great CHARLES *as many tears let fall,*
As good King David *did,*
When news was brought Abner *was dead,*
Abner *the faithful valiant General.*
Ah! Thou that wer't the Morning-star, that led,
That usher'd in and mov'd so nigh our Sun,
Ah! how could'st thou with darkness be orespread?
Could'st thou not borrow so much light,
As to have shone
Spite of all clouds and night
Till he his race had run?
The star that marcheth in the front
Before the heavenly Charioteer,
That too brings up the reer;
Why should it not here on the earth have don't?

6

No more shall we
View Thee at th' head of well-rang'd Armies now,
No more
With thy Battalias march upon the shore,
Nor on the sea
With warlike fleets the briny billows plow:
No more at Camps, or Councel-boards
Hear thy advice, and weighty words;
No more
View thee in Kingly Triumphs ride a peaceful Conquerour.

7

Of all thy Grandeur now none can expose
More to the outward eye,

Then

Then what the walls of Somerſet encloſe:
But by our inward Opticks we can ſpie
Thy former greatneſs ſtill and wonted Majeſty.
That Palace onely can impart
But a ſmall glimpſe of Thee;
Thou ly'ſt in greater State in every loyal heart.
There thy virtues all appear
Shining round about thy bier,
And each ſpectatour do inflame
To act like Thee, and have Thy Fame.
They ſhew us how thy warlike Ghoſt
Is liſted now among the heavenly Hoſt,
Under the valiant Michael 'tis enrold,
And there may ſtill the name of Champion hold.
Thy watchful ſoul
Is onely gone its great Celeſtial round;
It's iter Boreale towards the Pole:
Thy body ſouldier-like ſleep's on the ground;
That ſo it may with greater vigour riſe,
And poſt up to the skies,
When the laſt Trump ſhall ſound.

Sam. Philipps, A. B. Magd. Coll.

I

ARiſe ye Ghoſts of ancient Heroes fled
To ſhades below,
Where all things huſh'd in ſilence gently flow,
Forſake awhile the manſions of the dead:
In all your honours mantled,
With all your glories garniſhed,

With

With lawrels crown'd, draw near,
Approach with Panick fear
Come all, with jealous wonder come,
And kneeling bow your heads before our Gen'rals *tomb.*

2

Bow: leſt his pow'rful Manes *ſhould ſtart forth,*
And lightning all around
Your formal pomp confound;
And totally eclipſe your glimm'ring worth.
Your urns decay, your honours die,
Nor can your memory
Flouriſh eternally;
In you theſe were immoderate deſires:
But He this mighty H n
Shall ſhine beyond poſterity,
Encircl'd all about with loyal fires.

3

That which we real vertue call
Did onely reſt,
Within the bulwark of his gen'rous breaſt;
For you are fictions all,
He the true General.
Ceſar *and* Pompey *could not bear the hate*
O'th' Gods, but ſunk beneath the weight,
Murm'ring at fate:
But This the Man ſo worthily admir'd,
Smil'd at the ſhock of death, and peacefully retir'd.

4

Sorrow in purple clad,
With Royal gravity array'd,

To's

To's mighty Herse did come
Attended by the beauties of the Court
In solemn form, and melancholy sort.
All sate and sigh'd their woe,
Stunn'd by this fatal blow.
Greatness and goodness wept about the Room.
Princes with terrour did behold his fall,
Stagg'ring beneath so great a funerall.

5

But oh!
What Pen, what tongue can show
Infinite woe?
The Earth, which lately was o're spread
With a vast icy coverlet,
Which nature had a while obdurate kept,
At such, so great a loss did seem concern'd;
She thaw'd o'th' sudden, wept:
And her great bowels with compassion yearn'd.

6

Fartwel Great Conquerour,
Our better Genius, and our morning Star;
Who having chas'd with happy war
Usurping fires away,
Did usher to his throne
Our long expected Sun,
With golden beams to crown and bless the day:
Then with the kindest aspect hurl'd
O're England's *ev'ry part,*
On ev'ry English heart,
He shot away to gild the other world.

Nathanael Lee, A. B. Trin. Coll.

1

THy Death, most Noble Prince, with sullen sound
Through all the open roads of sea and land,
Like to a common signal marching round,
Bids all possess'd with sadness and amazement stand.
But why should we who yet for passage stay,
Tossed on this inland sea,
Lament one, who has through the streights made way?
Assoon as peace and calm were given,
He made that voyage which to us was death,
And with auspicious gale, the last dear breath,
His soul sail'd forth for heaven.
A soul so well built up, to such perfection brought,
That, like the Ark, 'twas with the worlds goodness fraught.
A large soul his, and fit to try,
The vast and boundless ocean of Eternity.

2

The Duke, the Duke! I see't,
The English army and the English fleet!
Upwards I see him steer his course,
I see him arm'd with goodness take in heaven by force.
O the graves treacherous mine
Blew up our tower of brass and onely Magazine.
'Twas He the mirrour of Heroick worth,
Who laid the risings of the stormy North;
No wind 'gainst him durst murmur, or stir forth.
He the wild Irish tam'd with pow'rful hand,
His well appointed, his well marshall'd band,
Made them run trembling o're the quaking land.
Nor could the shore his triumphs stay,
He was Blakes Cesar *in the empire of the Sea.*

And

And though the Belgian moon's slight horns durst meet
This the Dilemma of our fleet,
Yet ne're could their united forces bear
Our Monk *and* Blake, *Chain-thunderbolts of war.*
But this the blazing sword, which Monk's *arm sways,*
Not only wounds and slayes,
And like a Comet shoots forth mortal rays:
But when inclos'd in sheath,
The wondrous weapon could restore from death.
'Twas then, when with an unjust weight,
The traitours sword o'repoiz'd the State,
(As was the Roman fate
When Brennus, *that wild fury, did prevail)*
That, like Camillus, *he came in and turn'd the Scale.*

3

In this rude Chaos *of deformed night,*
We saw a Lucifer's *strange birth,*
Who led with false and foolish light
Legions of Saints, new lights on earth,
And he too rag'd and he th' old fight upheld.
Against Gods image he rebell'd.
When Oh! the swelling Dragons pride
In Royal blood his Rebel red coat di'd.
And when cut off and dead,
We fear'd the sting; the sting survived the head;
But God in mercy to the perishing nation,
Rais'd us a mighty man for preservation.
The City gates flew open and saw him below,
With a well armed glittering show,
In triumph through the arches go,

With much of bravery and sway,
When Sampson-like he bore the gates away.
With such a Michaels arm He did prevail,
That we the fiery Dragons trail,
The long and endless Parliament we saw at length turn tail.

4

In those our Jeroboam days did Israel sin,
When throne and pulpit had usurped bin,
A tribe of Korah's, a whole nation
The holy Function the high charge invade,
And without stock set up the trade,
To work out our salvation.
No wise Apollo's, no learn'd Pauls were found,
To plant and water holy ground,
But dull and stupid ones;
As if that God had rais'd him children out of stones.
These the black sons of night,
Vanisht at dawn of light,
When Gods own Ministers appear'd in sight,
All cloath'd in robes of taintless white.
In the imperceptible march of time,
The blessed day had wheel'd about,
And given this night a total rout,
When CHARLES our King should clime
(O gracious God!) his usurp't Throne.
For none or would or could withstand
His God and god-like Champions hand,
When MONK preclaim'd his right to the Imperial crown.
So when that Neptune from the Oceans bed
Above the troubled waves lifts up his peaceful head,
Wind, rain, and clouds are strait dispers'd and fled.

He

He gives his chariot rein,
His chariot flies swift ore the wat'ry plain.
And swiftly as they run
He smooths the ocean, and brings back the banish'd Sun.

5

With him came peace and embrac'd round our Isle,
The belov'd Halcyon in calm Thetis lap erewhile
Sate brooding on the deep;
And with her piteous note lay'd the still waves asleep.
When strait we heard from far,
The shrill and hollow blasts of war;
We saw at last the storm come singing through the air.
Up rose the Belgian moon with dismal rays,
Nor onely on the waters plays;
But as Queen Regent rules the seas.
And with a stiff and prosperous gale
Of Argosies a portly numerous sail
Came with her riding on:
Of valiant men each ship a constellation shone.
Thus for a time sh' eclips'd our light,
Whilst sheets of fire flasht horrour through the night,
And roar of deep-mouth'd cannons did surpass
Her shrill auxiliary brass.
But she at last drew in her horns and fled,
And as she rose amongst the waves she set in red.
Now Painter, if thy bold design
Dares these His actions trace,
Thy sweetest colours use, thy strokes divine,
And for thy copy take one of Angelick race:
With such an air of sweetness and majestick grace
Shone the Apocalyptick Angels face;

His

His radiant form a golden fleece did shrond,
A vehicle of softest cloud,
The gaudy bow of heaven bent round
As coronet His princely temples bound;
Methinks I see him stand
As Admiral at sea and General at land,
With one foot on the waters plac'd, the other on the strand.

6

'Twas this His Guardian-Angel that came down in haste,
When he was breathing out his last.
Round him a cheerful look He flings,
And as we wretched mortals moan'd,
And wept undecently and groan'd,
He seem'd well pleas'd, and clapt his joyful wings,
And as he bore the sacred charge away,
Thus in the holy language was o're heard to say:
Leave we mortality, and the dull earth, to prove
The unexhausted ocean of unfathom'd love.
Thy name as lasting and as glorious as the Sun,
Down on the stream of future time shall glittering run.
The Pyramide Thy King shall raise, will ne're decay,
Whil'st that His Royal race shall Englands *Sceptre sways;*
Or what is one, till heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And then awak'd at sound of the last trumpets breath,
Thy warlike dust, if I see ought, shall rise up first from death.

W. Davies, Trin. Coll.

On

THRENODIA.

On the Death of his late Grace GEORGE Duke of ALBEMARLE, &c.

IF verſe could to thy memory be juſt,
It would retrive a life out of thy duſt,
Which would adorn and encrage Poetry,
To raiſe joint Glories to it ſelf and Thee.
But we are overrul'd by th' mighty Theame,
And ſilent in juſt reverence of thy Name.
While we command our memo'ries to declare
(For all true Engliſh mew thy Annals are)
Thy life through glories poſting to thy end,
Wonder and grief by turns our thoughts ſuſpend.
For we, alas! are too concern'd and near,
To take a full view of thy Character:
W'are too oblig'd to give Thee all thy due;
The Sun, ev'n when it ſhines, does dazle too.
If verſe here be not rich, 'tis very poor:
We ſhould do nothing, or we ſhould do more.
Each Engliſh man is capable to ſit,
By's own Experience, the Judge of wit:
And, our mean praiſing Thee, will ſtraight diſcloſe:
For we on ſtrangers onely can impoſe.
For while they read MONK'S *deeds, yet under* CHARLES
See even thoſe equall'd by Albemarle's;
They will divide the Glory and allow,
More then two ages and three Kingdoms too.
For their own Books no ſuch example give:
Then how can they, but by ſurprize, believe
Thoſe glories which to ages ſhould belong,
Did in his ſingle Perſon crowd and throng?

This

This then's our help: and we from their mistake
With modesty will this advantage make:
(For why should Poets always Fables frame?)
Not the Great MONK, *but* Albemarle *we'l name.*
For as some rivers do withdraw their face,
As weary of their greatness and their race,
And dive for fresh recruits into the earth:
Whence presently they take their second birth,
Out-do their former greatness and surprize
With joy and wonder the Beholders eyes:
Who think this blessing new: when it before
Had much enrich'd some other distant shore:
Nor did its Vertue with its Presence lose:
The verdant ground confesses where it goes.
So shall our modest grief and humble verse
Decline Great MONK, *but* Albemarle *rehearse,*
With secret, but with pious tears we'l moan
Without th' affected pride of being known:
Or if some curious eye should chance t' invade
The close retirement which our grief hath made:
'Twill be but thought, our too concerned fears
Do melt thrice visited Cambridge *into tears:*
Or that we mourn some late great Lord with new
Titles and Lands his Ancestors ne're knew:
Some one that had th' unfashionable crime,
T' own us and Learning, 'gainst the sense o'th Time:
Or whom t' his Heroeship we did prefer,
'Cause h' had seen a Fight, or been Ambassadour.
But all's in vain: 'tis in our sorrows read,
And numerous Conventicles speak Him dead:
Three staggering Realms want their Supporter now,
Their sacred heads too, our Cathedrals bow.

Then

Then Pardon, Saint (for sure he must be so
Who brought in CHARLES, and our Religion too)
If we are sad and dull, while we pretend
To speak our Weaknes, and thy glorious End.
Alas! we in this case have no relief,
Doubly oppreſt, by thy worth, and our grief.
But when our Tears and Sighs ſhall give us leave,
Wee'l onely ſay, There is the General's grave.
Nor needs there more be ſaid: what's not expreſt,
Engliſh, Scots, Iriſh, Dutch ſhall ſpeak the reſt.
But this wee'l further add: if that we ſee
Three floating Kingdoms fixt to Monarchy:
If the Sea hath declar'd for th' Engliſh ſhore,
And rolls his willing tides to bring our ſtore:
If this our Church and State, our Sea and Land
Their aftergame, and Reſurrection ſtand:
If CHARLES is to three Kingdoms wellfare tied:
Here Cromwell rag'd: but here MONK liv'd and died.
His Life, and Death too will ſecure our fear;
If that the Politicks of this Land do ſteer
By the laſt words of His expiring Breath,
(The laſt and beſt Deviſe He could bequeath:)
His Work (three Kingdoms Happineſs) may live,
Unleſs our follies do our Fall contrive:
And ſquintey'd zeal do ſtart the good old Cauſe:
And Moderation melt away the Laws.
For though He's gone, yet we're of Engliſh kind:
And there's a York and Rupert left behind.
Our Angel Guardian too is ſtronger grown,
(Now He's in Heaven) by this Acceſſion:
And 'gainſt the Prince of France bears up amain,
Contemns with generous pity Him of Spain:

And wrestles, under th' English Cross, to free
Us from the Universal Monarchy.
Thus Monk, *though dead, yet still assists us, there*
In Heaven by's Prayer, by His Example here.
For we may valiant, wise, and Loyal be,
Though not to that Heroick height, as He.
His Courage to our Morals gives new Laws,
It was so clear, 't ow'd nothing to the Cause:
Where just or Tyrant powr's call'd Him along,
He, under both, beat the Dutch, right or wrong:
His fellow-Subjects too, that would be Kings,
He to their Wits, and Peace, and Duty brings:
He th' English aw'd, did Scots and Irish rout,
Beat them into Rebellion, and then out.
For as i'th first days Nonage of the World,
Beings of things were shrowded up and furld,
While the great winds black Tempest jumbled all:
Nothing was this or that: But at the Call
Of the Almighty Word, things half asleep,
Start out of Night, and into Being peep:
Each take the Signal; and with graceful Dance
Do into Order and the World advance:
So quickly they the Summons understood,
Th' Almighty's pleas'd, and sayes, 'Tis very good.
So when these Realms by wild Confusions torn
Became at home a Rout, abroad a scorn:
He then retriv'd us, so, as if he'd gone
By Prophecy, or Demonstration:
So sure He squar'd his Actions: It was He,
Not Hobs, *that fixt the Laws of Policy.*
When the great factions mouldred by their Zeal,
(Which Name the thirst of Empire did conceal)

Split into Sects, whose Name were ne're till then
Read in good books, or dropt from Christian pen:
They'd all the points o'th Compass for their foes,
Each Interest they, yea and themselves oppose:
But when Great Monk *appear'd, He hush'd them all,*
And their amazement did bespeak their fall.
So once the frogs did Egypt *overspread,*
So vast an Army Nile *and mud ne're bred:*
All noise was croaking: th' impudent Beast assails
The Guards, and thence the presence Chamber scales.
Affrighted Pharaoh *runs away, and hides*
His Court, i'th top of's highest Pyramids:
The frogs do follow with a direful noise:
The worlds first wonder doth resound their voice.
Th' Egyptians *now seem to have found their tomb,*
Fear makes them, like their Mummy, cold and dumb.
But when great Moses *spake, Frogs quit the Land,*
And in the Nile their numerous Troops disband:
The fearful fish down to the bottom dive,
And Crocodiles scarce think themselves alive.
So once our Palaces, and Temples too
Did ring with dismal boding notes: 'Tis true,
They call'd it Preaching: but Monk *quasht them all,*
And hallow'd both our Churches, and White-Hall.
Besides these foes, he had a nearer one
The Souldiers last concern, ambition:
When the fair prospect of three Crowns did lie
At the command and level of his Eye:
When Power and Valour in his Person met,
Join'd with the Heir of fam'd Plantagenet:
He roundly to confute these charming things,
Sets betwixt God *and him the best of Kings;*

Not to comply with Chance, or th' Publick voice,
It was scarce more his Duty, then his choice:
And by his Choice and Duty CHARLES *doth live*
King of three Realms and his Prerogative.

Now MONK *enjoyes his Glories and his rest,*
While a good Conscience calmes his manly breast.
And these three Kingdoms joys do second it,
He is the Kings and Peoples favourite.
Slander by silence does confess that He
Hath got a Conquest over Victorie:
For sure 'tis less three Kingdoms t'overcome,
Then lay Court-whispers, or strike envy dumb.

O whither am I rapt in following Thee
Through all the toils of War and Victory!
Surely at last (for Death it self shall die,
And, though he knows it, and in wrath let's flie
At random, at the young, the fair, the bold,
Yet minds his Errand still, and takes the Old)
We shall see him consign'd to's last repose,
While Victory his eyes, in's Bed, shall close.
But yet as if his Life had not been fraught
With Miracles, his Death one more has wrought:
'Twas the last instance Valour could express;
None could do more then so, and he no less:
For as his Life all others shall outvie,
Through the vast spaces of true Historie;
So, as He liv'd, so his last breath He spent,
Himself in both was his own Precedent.
In both He was beyond the Rules of Art,
And as He liv'd, He died, by too much Heart.
His body to his sickness gave the law,
And into death it self did strike an Aw:

He

He in his Chair, erect, and unconcern'd
At any thing, but Prayrs, his Soul return'd:
While th' Angels crowd to take their noble Charge,
His Limbs ſcarce ever droopt, or flow'd at large.
Hiſtory now her laſt perfection hath,
And juſtly hence may write ---- The Life and Death;
A Death ſo Generous to ſay no more,
No common Life could poſſ'bly go before.
So when th' two Lights meet in Conjunction,
Paleneſs and Death ſeize on the World and Sun:
Half kindled beams ſcarce pierce the gloomy Air,
And frighted Nature her laſt end doth fear:
At leaſt half-witted men, think they eſpy
The Fates of Realms, and Princes in the Sky:
While the Sun ſmiles with all his Light, and more
Gives the Moon too, then all the Moneth before.

John Peck, Fellow of St Johns Colledge.

FINIS.